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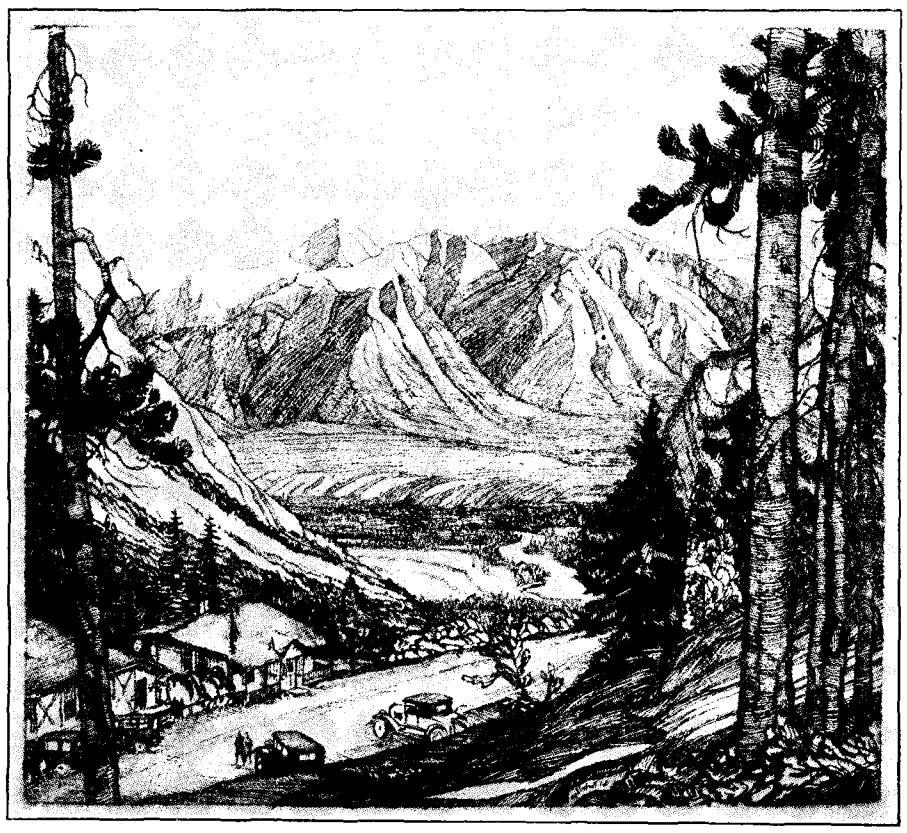

NATURE AS DEPICTED BY ROI PARTRIDGE.

Reproduced from "Fine Prints of the Year" (Minton, Balch)

"Bare Ruined Choirs"

AMONG the vanishing amenities whose disappearance is responsible for the growing harshness of this brilliant and exciting, but brittle, modern world, is the love of nature. Once we rather boasted of it as a special possession of the English-speaking countries, which differed in intensity and in object from the sentimental enthusiasm of the Germans or the soil-sense of the home-loving French. In America a literature of no mean pretensions was dedicated to its expression, which in Thoreau, at least, emerged toward greatness. It was in America essentially a literature of the forest, if not of the wilderness. Its sources were partly romantic, but still more in the deep associations of every American child with the curiously rhythmic beauty of unaltered nature, a rhythm which the first assaults upon our woods were too feeble to destroy. And the opportunity to escape from the man-made town into a different organization of life that was both simpler and subtler, was a temptation which never had to be long resisted. Turning the pages of Audubon or Bartram the imagination warms to a realization of the extraordinary richness of nature in primitive America. Forests of incomparable beauty, whose tiny remnants are now to be found only in the remotest coves of the mountains, then marched across spacious valleys. The wealth of animal life was incredible, and botanists wandered in a kind of ecstasy among new and gorgeous flowers. Nature, unhampered by the conflicting needs of man, had risen to that harmony of the primeval which was the result of millenniums of checks and balances, operating in the cycles of solar influence, and the intelligence of a sensitive observer was played upon by harmonies which he felt without analysis. What ecclesiastical Europe in the thirteenth century meant to the esthetic Christian, what Versailles was to the eighteenth century, so, to the enraptured European pushing back from Philadelphia into the deep hardwood forests of the Allegheny valleys, or wandering the tulip coves of the Carolinas among azalea, laurel, and rhododendron, or mazed in the drooping moss of sexcentennial live oaks in the low countries, were the glade and forest of this unspoiled continent. The pioneers advanced upon it with axe and flame, seeing only wheat and corn and cotton among its roots, but the chronicles which now are being disinterred from obscure books, and unpublished papers, show many a magicked mind wandering beyond the fringe of settlement and as unwilling to come back as the hunters and traders who found the Indians' life more agreeable than the civilization behind them. They too, be sure, felt, though they were inarticulate, a rhythm of beauty even though for them it was no more than content.

The uprearing, outstretching surge of boys scouts, children's camps, resorts, hiking clubs, camping trips, and nature study groups of this day is but the foam and bubble of this primitive impulse, and has but the feeblest resemblance to the original source. They represent, doubtless, a saving element in our civilization, and their outposts reach the Alaskas and Sierras and Rockies where nature is still a harmony. But the poetry has gone out of them, and it is doubtful whether from all their energies we shall ever get one good nature book. Thoreau will be urged in rebuttal, since Thoreau wrote his Walden in second-growth forests in a country long dominated by man. But Thoreau was a social philosopher, able to extract a pound of imagination from a scene which could give to simpler nature spirits no more than an ounce, and the Concord of 1840 knew no such engines of destruction as the automobile road and the summer camp.

For there are no more absolute lies than those which in folder and advertisement describe the American wilderness as it exists today. The Maine woods are

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The Thick-Headed Public

By SIR NORMAN ANGELL

NO one familiar with Mr. Lippmann's work need be told that he makes of last year's crowded history a fascinating story. Mr. Lippmann has made of the telling of events and the clarification of their significance for the ordinary reader a very great art—an art which incidentally is destined perhaps to be more important than any other in the salvation of our world, since by it alone can the multitude be made conscious of the direction in which they are travelling, and their wills be set in motion to direct purposively their way out of the morass. His story of 1931 will certainly help in revealing that direction and making it more possible to set a truer course.

The two books here discussed might well be read together: the one to give us a picture in political events of that framework in the other are compelled to unfold. The one is mainly economic history of the year; the other mainly economic theory—interpreted largely in the light of experience—applied to the problems of our time. The ground covered is often the same, but Mr. Lippmann's book covers it as part of the connected story of the year of 1931, Professor Hansen as an analysis of the economic forces constantly at work. But Professor Hansen's book will raise the more controversy, and in a sense have more permanent interest, since it discusses both the underlying processes of our economic life and proposed remedies for the diseases that afflict it. The book indeed has gone ahead of our immediate problems to ask the question whether, if the remedies now so commonly proposed *were* successful, their very success might not raise problems as grave as those they solved. To realize the significance of his point, let us take stock for a moment of the position in which the discussion of "stabilization" and "planning" this last few years has left us.

Plainly the world is in a dire mess. The depression is world-wide. What amounts to a vast population in the aggregate stands idle on the soil which our modern science has made so incredibly responsive to human effort. And there is an even vaster multitude outside the ranks of the unemployed racked with anxiety, going on from day to day fearing that the morrow may deprive them, too, of the means of earning their bread and providing for their families. They lack what to the man with dependents, with children for whose future and provision he is responsible, is of infinitely more importance than material comfort or opulence: the sense of being economically secure. The absence of such security spells in our particular civilization very great misery for perhaps the majority of our people. In the past in other forms of society, the world has known scarcity, want, famine, as the result of natural causes, drought, flood, locusts, what not. But never before have we faced to this degree the "Alice in Wonderland" situation of lacking the necessaries of life, or dreading their lack tomorrow, because there is too much of nearly everything and because our tools have made the soil too productive.

Simpler forms of society did not know this situation for a reason which bears very directly on the proposed remedies, and a glance at which will help us to understand the value of our problem. In the manor, on the feudal estate, in the monastery, on the frontier farm, self-sufficient units where those who tilled the soil consumed the results of their labor, ate the food they grew, made their clothes, their shoes, their candles, their soap, built their houses, there was no unemployment as we understand the term unemployment due to "over-production." Never did *they* face that tragic yet absurd paradox which is the essence of the situation which we face: suffering from lack of the fruits of the earth because those fruits are too plentiful. If a neighbor had proposed to "dump" goods upon them for nothing, they would have rejoiced with no fear that their economy would be utterly disorganized.

They had no fear of this disorganization, and had no unemployment in our sense, because the producer was also the consumer, the seller, and buyer. The adjustments of production and vice versa was entirely under control. It did not give a high standard of life. A self-sufficient unit like that of the Massachusetts farm of the eighteenth century or like that upon which Lincoln passed his boyhood—or like the pre-war Russian peasant farm—gave few luxuries. But those who lived by that economy were much less dependent upon things utterly outside their control than were the generation which grew wheat in the Dakotas or dug ore in Montana with the aid of tools which gave men the power of giants. With the tremendous increase in the capacity for production,

* THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS: An Account of American Foreign Relations, 1931. By WALTER LIPPMANN in collaboration with WILLIAM O. SCROGGS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $3.

ECONOMIC STABILIZATION IN AN UNBALANCED WORLD. By ALVIN HARVEY HANSEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $3.

This Week

INDENTURED.
By ELINOR WYLIE.

"HE UPSET THE WORLD."
Reviewed by ROLLIN LYND HARTT.

"NAPOLEON."
Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT.

"NOTES ON BERMUDA."
Reviewed by WALTER B. HAYWARD.

"NEW CONCEPTIONS OF MATTER."
Reviewed by KARL K. DARROW.

"THE MOTHER."
Reviewed by LOUIS V. LEDOUX.

"CALL BACK THE HEART."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"SUMMER'S NIGHT."
Reviewed by BERNARDINE K. SHERMAN.

"THE END OF DESIRE."
Reviewed by TAYLOR SCOTT HARDIN.

"PSYCHOLOGY OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE."
Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

SPENGLER'S "MAN AND TECHNICS."
Reviewed by JOHN DEWEY.

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largely by means of an elaborate and intricate division of labor, has gone a corresponding increase in the difficulty of adjustment. The machine is so elaborate that though its productive capacity when running smoothly is enormous, maladjustments and disequilibria arise very easily and create havoc. The modern automobile is more efficient than the ox-cart, but requires more expert management. We cannot, in fact, go back to the ox-cart, though to do so would cure most unemployment. Our problem is not merely to cure unemployment—it is to cure unemployment without too great a sacrifice of the standard of life. As this present writer had occasion to point out in the House of Commons the other day, a very brief act of Parliament consisting of a few lines—an act which some Protectionists could be counted upon perhaps to favor—would completely cure unemployment: Forbid a single pound of any foreign product of any kind to enter Great Britain, and unemployment would be cured in a month, since every man, woman and child would have to be set to work (as in lesser degree they were during the war) in order to prevent the death of a large part of the population from sheer famine. Unemployment would be cured; but so also would civilization. The British population *might* be able to live, but only at a coolie standard of existence. Britain would be free of the complexities of an international economy; she would have the economic factors more completely within her control. But we should probably all agree that the price would be a bit too high.

It is some similiar dilemma which Professor Hansen seems to see in that economic stabilization towards which the world is now beginning to strive. It is some years now since Mr. Maynard Keynes wrote his pamphlet "The End of Laissez-faire." For him the lesson of the economic chaos of the world was that the "economic harmonies," which charmed so many of the Victorian economists, no longer corrected, or no longer corrected with sufficient speed, the disharmonies of the world's economic orchestra. He showed, indeed, that we had no longer left things alone; that we had already carried conscious regulation and control so far that we could not retreat, and the only course left was to carry it still further. The form of control or regulation most favored these last ten years by students of the problem (as distinct from politicians responding to mass clamor for higher tariffs and such like devices) is through a monetary policy designed to stabilize the price level by a more ruthless control of money and credit, by a program of public works which can expand in times of depression and contract in times of boom, and by forms of regulation which will (*e. g.*) cut out the time lag between saving and investment.

Very well, says Professor Hansen in effect, suppose you *could* iron out the irregularities which cause these depressions and get rid largely of the unemployment due to the business cycle. What about the structural changes in the economic edifice—indispensable to progress—the new inventions, the change from coal to oil or water power, the tremendous improvement of machinery and technique? If you do, in fact, wipe out unemployment—you rule out the possibility of many of those changes and, or, create still more serious unemployment. When is it, he asks, that the labor displaced by technological innovations or other structural changes is most readily and most easily reabsorbed into industry? It is in the prosperity phase of the cycle. "By what force is it that the rapidly growing surplus rural population (note the word surplus) has during the last half century been drawn into urban industrial employment?" And he answers that it is by the absorbtive power of the boom period. If the boom—like the depression—is eliminated and we get a controlled economy with a rigid price level and rigid wages, we shall find it much more difficult to overcome the effects of structural changes. He writes:

> On the whole the conclusion here reached is essentially a pessimistic one. A controlled economy is less flexible, less adaptable, less capable of finding adjustments to disturbing changes, than a free market economy. Yet we are moving in that direction. With productivity slowed down and the employment more difficult to obtain, such a society will almost inevitably seek a solution along the equalitarian lines of more equal distribution of income and a division of the available employment among all. Trade Unions, as is well known, have built up working rules which prevent any one member from getting more than his share of the available work. It is along such lines that a controlled economy, strait-jacketed with rules and regulations in an effort to safeguard the individual from risk, is likely to seek part of its solution of the unemployment problem. Where work cannot be found insurance will be provided.

Professor Hansen's point is that cyclical fluctuations have the effect of giving the whole economic structure a good shake up and keeping the system flexible and mobile. It means both transitory unemployment and new outlets constantly occurring to absorb it (and it might be added, create new transitory unemployment), but "structural unemployment in a stabilized world will be a far more serious problem than it is in a world subject to cyclical fluctuations."

To which, of course, the reply is—and it is given in part by Professor Hansen himself—that under a "controlled" economy there would be much less liability to maladjustments, and that the machinery for dealing with them (*e. g.*, Unemployment Insurance) would be very greatly developed. It is true that in devising these controls we are carried beyond purely economic considerations. In Britain, ancient home of individualism and personal freedom, as the scope of unemployment insurance extended so did the power of the state over the individual. It arrived early in the insurance development at the point where it said to a young woman heretofore employed in mills and with deep-seated objection to domestic service: "Unless you are prepared to leave your family and enter domestic service at a distance you shall not be entitled to the unemployment benefit." How much is it worth in social freedom to pay for the lessening of those evils from which we now suffer? "A complete autocracy which could dictate precisely what consumers must buy, and which could order producers around like chess men on a board," says Professor Hansen, "could, without much doubt, cure the evil of unemployment. But such an autocracy, whether capitalistic or communistic, would probably discover that this sort of regimentation is not the kind of life that western civilizations wish to live."

But is the alternative quite so clear cut as that? Is it not a fair guess to say that if the western world had during this last twenty years avoided certain gross errors (errors which any rational educational preparation for living in the particular world which we happen to have brought into being this last three quarters of a century should have enabled the multitude to see as errors) much of our present mess would have been avoided? Take reparations and war debts and their effect upon the monetary maladjustments which have contributed (to put it at the lowest) to our troubles. Professor Hansen deals at great length—and very interestingly and enlighteningly—with this subject, as do Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. William Scroggs, but the most significant fact in the whole story is this: For thirteen years the publics in every nation have refused to be guided by expert advice and have insisted upon making the chaos immeasurably worse because they have been unable to grasp an economic proposition which could be explained to an open-minded child or savage in a quarter of an hour.

Recall the facts. The Allies began by asking Germany something in the region of a hundred billion dollars. Everyone knew—it was quite ascertainable—that Germany had in gold, all told, something in the nature of *one* billion. Assume, for classification, that that was at once all paid over to the twenty odd Allied nations and divided amongst them. There remain ninety-nine billion to be paid. *How* is it to be paid? The Allies, including even the British (the view being expressed by a famous memorandum of some three hundred members of the House of Commons addressed to Mr. Lloyd George), insisted that there should be no expansion of German foreign trade: indeed, tariffs were already beginning to rise to prevent it. *How* were those vast sums to be paid? That question, put by myself at the time to many a Member of the House of Commons, got the retort "Pay? Let 'em pay as any other debtor pays, in money. If the butcher owes me a hundred pounds I don't have to take beefsteaks." One Member, very prominent at that time, had a plan: to go with a squad of British Tommies to Berlin and instruct the German government to load up lorries with the money due. If the money was not forthcoming, two members of the Cabinet chosen by lot would be excuted; if by the next day the sum was still not forthcoming, three would be executed. That educated Englishman was asked: When he had got the German money (not gold, be it remembered, that being taken) to London, what would he do with it? He could buy nothing with it in London. It could only buy things in Germany, where truly it would buy German goods. But those goods could not, by the terms of the memorandum already mentioned, be brought to Britain. It was suggested at the time that the only means apparently by which we could enter into possession of the Reparations was by mass migration to Germany, there to sit drinking beer till the Reparation account was settled. It took the English ten years really to see that point; the French don't see it yet, and in respect of debts due the United States the Senate . . .

Now, however one may complicate the presentation of the problem of reparations, debts, and tariffs, it comes down ultimately to something almost as simple as that. If that broad, simple proposition could have been grasped by the mass of the Allied publics, it would have been in some sort of position to weight the alternatives: Is it better to have an entirely free hand with the tariff for purposes of protection, and sacrifice reparations (or Debts, as the case may be) or shall we collect reparations and debts at the sacrifice of some freedom in the matter of indefinite raising of the tariff? Had there been some slight background in knowledge of elementary economics the creditors of Germany or of Europe could, would, have taken one course or the other. As it is, when the experts have said (as they have been saying in effect for ten years): "Wipe out or scale down debts or reparations if you won't stabilize your tariffs"—when they have said that the publics, whether in France or in Iowa, simply have not seen the connection between the two, and the politicians everywhere have continued to present demands which remind one of the famous German proverb: You may wash me but you must not make me wet.

These reflections are indulged because they raise the purpose of books like those under review. Both are extremely readable, extremely interesting and enlightening. But by what means can their message be made to reach those who have the votes which control the politicians, who control the governments who control policy? For it has been demonstrated *ad nauseam* this last ten years that governments—whether it be a matter of reparations, debts, disarmament, world courts, what you will—simply will not go much ahead of popular feeling. And time presses.

In this book of Professor Hansen's, many fine points of difference in economic theory are discussed. But what hope can we have that such knowledge will much affect policy when the democracies don't yet understand why a nation cannot pay vast debts or reparations if it is in fact prevented from developing exports?

Mr. Lippmann in his journalistic work his grappled brilliantly with this problem of making the simple but vital truth familiar. (He has spoken somewhere of "the unheard of paradox presented by a nation trying at one and the same time to stop imports, collect debts, and expand exports.") But how long is the road! From both these books emerges the same outstanding truth: No solution of our present discontents which does not include a large measure of international coöperation can possibly work. The events of the last ten years have driven that home with appalling force. Yet the more that that fact emerges the more it would seem does the public (not alone the American public), obstinately, passionately, insist upon a crude isolationism. And to that insistent clamor the statesman must bend. If that continues things can only get worse.

Professor Hansen refers in his book to the disagreements which mark the views of economists, especially in respect of the technique of price stabilization. Assuredly the economic doctors do disagree. So do the medical doctors. But with all the disagreement of the medicos, they have managed not only to agree on a few things that are of vital importance, but to put across their agreed conclusions to the public—at least in the Western world—in such a way as to have rendered a vast service to mankind. They have (again only in the West) wiped out Black Deaths, plagues, leprosy by making intelligible the microbic theory of disease so that the public have been persuaded to coöperate in prophylactic measures—to keep sewage out of drinking water for instance. Because the lay public—our municipal authorities, for instance, have understood at least that much of medical science, we have been able to avoid diseases which, if once acquired, medical science is helpless to cure.

If economists had been able to put across to the general public that much of economic science upon which the experts *are* agreed (as that debts or reparations can only ultimately be paid in goods or services) some at least of our present economic diseases would have been avoided and we should have had a more manageable situation. The three authors under review have done their bit towards the translation of agreed truth to the public, but it is in that particular field that so very much more remains yet to be done.

*Indentured**

By ELINOR WYLIE

I WILL not enter any cloud
And close its quiet on my mind,
And I must never be too proud
And always be too kind.

I must send my heart to a hard school
And educate it to be brave,
For it is wise to be a fool
And noble to be a slave.

Although enchanting caverns pierce
Beneath the crystal of the seas,
Beyond the stellar universe,
I will not enter these.

It is my duty, my desire,
And my irrevocable fate
To gather kindling for a fire
And scrub a common plate.

The virtuous and beloved dead
Need neither cassia buds nor myrrh,
But living men require bread
However they may err.

And if a cup is set before
A man who will not drink from it,
Why, there are other wines to pour
And fires to be lit.

To feed the beggar and the prince,
To warm the madman and the thief;
I have known this labor ever since
My mind accepted grief.

But I shall be more blessed than damned
When this my servitude is done,
And I have found the dark, and slammed
Its door against the sun.

* The following poem will appear in the Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie, shortly to be issued by Alfred A. Knopf.

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Bruce Barton's St. Paul

HE UPSET THE WORLD. By BRUCE BARTON. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

THIS racy little book presents Saint Paul as the crack salesman of Christianity. Sales-resistance was nothing to Paul. He could "take it on the chin." Indeed, "Taking it on the Chin" becomes a chapter head, and Mr. Barton explains that he picked up the phrase at a prize-fight. A colorful page retails the circumstances.

Emphatically a layman throughout is Barton, talking as one business man to another, and sometimes with a heels-on-the-table informality. That is what gives him his hold upon the kind of reader he prefers to reach. A large public seeks as its spiritual counselor someone outside the technically trained and disciplined clergy. It had Moody, farmer and shoe-salesman. It had Sunday, baseball player. It had Bryan. But then, the old Hebrew prophets were laymen, and so were the Apostles, and if now this large public turns for spiritual guidance to an advertising man, why wonder? He speaks its language. To a remarkable extent, he has its point of view—begins by saying, "You don't like Paul? Neither did I until, only yesterday, I discovered him."

Almost to date, Paul had been to Bruce Barton just a saint in a window, and he tells us:

> The makers of stained glass windows have probably done more harm to Christianity than most of its critics. They have powerfully aided the process of devitalizing the Bible characters. It is hard to feel any reality about a man who is presented to us by a pink glass portrait with the sun shining through.

To make Paul real, Mr. Barton quotes "an ancient work entitled 'The Acts of Paul and Thekla'" in which the Apostle is described as "a man of moderate stature, with curly hair, and scanty, crooked legs; with blue eyes and large, knit eyebrows, and long nose." On his own, Mr. Barton takes Paul out of the stained glass window by methods not unknown to historical fiction. For example, when Paul has met with unsuccess in Jerusalem and returned by way of Cæsarea to his "home town," comes this almost movie-like flash.

> On a low stool, in a room made stuffy by the hair of goats, a man of forty sat and pushed his bone needle through the heavy tent cloth. His fingers were calloused, but no more bruised and aching than his mind. People passing on the street stopped and pointed at him. This was the man whose father had sent him to Jerusalem to be educated, they said. He had been given every advantage that the most learned rabbis could provide. At first he had seemed to promise a brilliant career, but something queer had happened to him. There were rumors that he had become a religious fanatic. Nobody knew the exact facts, but here he was, back in his native town, earning his living by making tents . . . a failure at forty.

As an artist, Bruce Barton has improved greatly, though he can still be careless, not to say thoughtless. In "The Man Nobody Knows," he dilated upon the prevalence of "short words" in Christ's "advertisements"—this because the words were short in English. In his latest production he makes Paul demand pen, ink, and "paper." As if the Christian Sunday had already been substituted for the Jewish Sabbath, he assumes that Paul must have attended athletic contests in Corinth "on Saturday afternoons." But let that pass. In the main he keeps things straight.

Were the "war in the churches" still raging, it might be pertinent to ask which side he favors, the Fundamentalists or the Liberals, and it would be a bit hard to determine. Concerning the Resurrection, he is sure that "something happened," but not sure just what. Concerning the supernatural phases of Paul's conversion, he is vague, though he accepts Paul's miracles. He is keen for modern science—quotes Sir James Jeans to the extent of two and a half pages—and he shows at least a nodding acquaintance with the higher criticism. But theology no more interests him than it interests the audience for whom his spirited little volume is intended; he scorns theology and seems curiously unaware that its father was this same Paul.

This same Paul, got out of his stained glass windows and made to live and move in a real world, fails somehow to differ essentially from the Paul we already know. He is as familiar as was Papini's Christ. Only we read of this same Paul in Bartonese, and the story takes on a freshness, and a vitality, and in consequence a charm, that make it easy and pleasant reading. If Bartonese offended a little when the subject was Jesus, it is by no means offensive when the subject is Paul. "Took it on the chin," did he? Our comment is, "Amen! He certainly did!"

While the book sheds no new light on Paul, it at least sheds new light on Barton. He is a retired preacher—layman, oh, yes, but a retired preacher for all that. Some thirty years ago, so he confesses, the farmers in a back-country village "drafted him into the pulpit" where he "enjoyed the uncomfortable position of being a counselor to the aged and an example to the youth." The tale runs on thus:

> On Saturday, while I was conducting my weekly excursions into Plato and Emerson as preparations for the next day's talk, a delegation descended upon me. Four old men, all very whiskered and solemn, sat themselves stiffly against the wall and after considerable hemming and hawing managed to convey the news that my services would no longer be required. The report had spread that I smoked a pipe.

Once a preacher, always a preacher. The concluding fifty pages of "He Upset the World" are a sermon on Paul. Rather a tiresomely platitudinous sermon it would be in flush times, but not now. Epitomized, it comes to this: "A failure at forty? Then buck up, old man! Take it on the chin! Paul did, and won out."

"True idealism," say F. McEachran, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, "would seem to be that which faces the central facts of life and which places its hope not in tomorrow and in a better future yet to come, but in today and in whatever today the world may provide. Quite apart from all schools and all definite traditions, there has been a series of writers who represent this point of view and who therefore may be called classical idealists in the sense we have given to the word. Such, for example, is Montaigne, who in spite of his scepticism did at least believe in this one thing and wrote a book about it which survives to this day. In the heat of the French wars of religion he refused to be bigoted or to quarrel with his Protestant neighbors and calmly pointed out, very sensibly, that death comes to all men and that it is the quality, not the length, of life that matters. Re-echoing the Stoics he tells us in beautiful words "*Sortez de ce monde comme vous y êtes entré. Le même passage, que vous fîtes de la mort à la vie, sans passion et sans frayeur, refaites-le de la vie à la mort. . . . Allez-vous-en satisfait.*" And the reason why he convinces, even today, is that the life he discusses, like that of the tragic hero, has the elements of universal life in it. Like the hero again he promises no better tomorrow, nor a happy today, but holds that life is worth living even so."

True History

NAPOLEON. By F. M. KIRCHEISEN. Translated by HENRY ST. LAWRENCE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $5.

BONAPARTE'S ADVENTURE IN EGYPT. By LT. COL. P. G. ELGOOD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $4.75.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IT has now been some thirty years since there began to be quoted a bibliography of Napoleon by the author of this new Life of the great Corsican. Since that time a long list of publications relating to him and his period have appeared from the pen of Dr. Kircheisen—letters to and from Napoleon, his utterances, memoirs, his downfall, and two lives. It has been nearly a quarter of a century since the first of two volumes of his 'Bibliographie du Temps de Napoléon Comprenant les États-Unis' appeared, and even that work contained by no means all of the hundred thousand titles which the author tells us he has collected, and which, in their entirety, still await a publisher. One might well inquire of some of our great foundations whether their funds could not be well employed in publication of some such great results of "research" as well as in encouraging less trained and often less competent workers.

From his lifelong study Dr. Kircheisen has drawn first a monumental nine or ten volume life of Napoleon, then a shorter "Lebensbild" in two volumes, from which, with some apparently very slight changes, this translation of the briefer work has been made. Thus, so far as command of material is concerned, there has never been a biographer of the Emperor better equipped — if as well — to write his life. It raises a great question. Is a bibliographer and scholar the best person to write biography? Admitting his superlative equipment, his unequalled command of the sources, is one who has spent a long life in the accumulation and the organization of knowledge, the best qualified to interpret that knowledge to the world at large?

Lord Morley has told us that in writing his "Life of Gladstone" he handled some three hundred thousand documents of all sorts, and that, merely from the standpoint of physical effort, seems a herculean task. From them, from his own first-hand knowledge of the period, and from his literary skill, he drew a great biography. But he was an accomplished journalist before he turned biographer, and he had written much biography before he undertook his "Life of Gladstone." What, then, of Dr. Kircheisen who must have handled far more material than Lord Morley?

One may say, at the outset, that his account of Napoleon and his times, whether *en gros* or *en detail*, is a book to be reckoned with now and hereafter by all interested in the subject. On the side of scholarship no one can ignore it; for it contains probably the largest body of information of any single work upon Napoleon. As to its spirit, Dr. Kircheisen's statement of his attitude speaks for itself. He says:

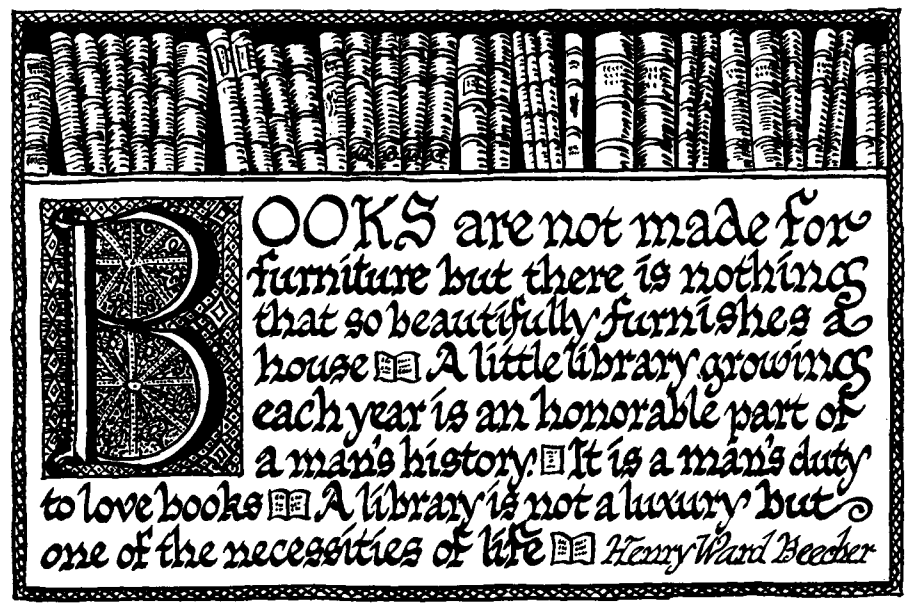
> Mindful of the true office of the historian, the author has allowed the events of this period, their causes and their results, to speak for themselves, and no personal sympathy or antipathy has been permitted to appear. For this reason, too, all psychological phantasy and speculation has been shunned. There is no need to retouch the portrait of the hero. Napoleon's life is a romance more dramatic than any that the greatest poet could possibly invent.

Nothing could well be more different from the school of biography which has been having such vogue among us than this plain, simple, obvious statement of the business of the historian and biographer—as nothing could well be more different from one of its popular examples on this same subject than the present life. For this tells us the facts. It does not rhapsodize; it does not descend to the lowest depths of the imagination for them; it does not seek to describe the emotions of a biographer in the presence of his subject, much less attempt to convince us that those emotions were those of that hero. This is history, not rhetoric; and according to whether or not the reader desires to know something about Napoleon rather than about the author of the biography, whether he desires to read history rather than fiction, and use his intelligence rather than his emotions, he will or will not approve of this biography.

It may be hoped that he will approve of it; for this is a really first-rate book. There are those who will find it less exciting than the emotional outpourings; but there are also those who will find it infinitely more entertaining, as it is incomparably more valuable. It challenges comparison with perhaps the two most popular Napoleonic biographies in the United States—those of Rose and of Fournier—and it does not suffer by comparison. It is written in a direct and forthright style, leaning, as some of our educational friends would say, toward the "factual." It contains fewer generalizations and much more detail than its rivals. It has in it an extraordinary amount of information about things which are extremely interesting but not easy to find out, like the creation of the Imperial aristocracy, Napoleonic finance, the proposed invasion of England, the figures of the forces actually engaged, an infinity of detail which seldom if ever obstructs the narrative, and a judicial balancing of opinion on the numerous controversial points of Napoleonic history. And it has, besides its obviously authoritative character, an extraordinary number of illuminating quotations which serve at once to enliven and confirm the narrative.

Nothing better illustrates the character of the book than a comparison with its chapter on the Egyptian expedition and the volume of Lt. Col. Elgood on the same subject. The latter, indeed, relies not a little on Kircheisen—and it is not without interest that he does not mention Fournier. And, to take one illustration of many, the Battle of the Pyramids, with Napoleon's famous speech—which Kircheisen says was probably never made—the details of the fighting, the numbers involved, the losses, all these one finds, in general, more adequately discussed in the biography than in the monograph, in the opinion of at least one reader. All in all we may be grateful for such a generally satisfactory translation of this work into English, which, for those interested in the subject, whether as general readers or as teachers, will be found of interest as well as of importance. So scholars, it seems, can write biography, after all.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott, professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of several historical works, among others "The Expansion of Europe."


BOOKS are not made for furniture but there is nothing that so beautifully furnishes a house A little library growing each year is an honorable part of a man's history It is a man's duty to love books A library is not a luxury but one of the necessities of life Henry Ward Beecher

DRAWN FOR THE SATURDAY REVIEW BY R. C. BUCHOLZ.

The Oxford University Press announces a series of prizes for book reviews written by boys and girls. There will be two groups of prizes, one group for boys and girls from six to ten years and one for boys and girls from eleven to sixteen years.

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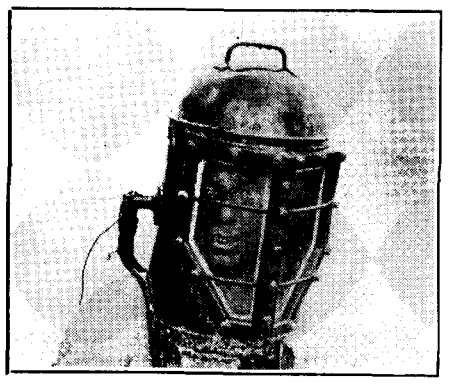
Still Vex'd Bermoothes

NOTES ON BERMUDA. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Henry, Longwell & Another. 1932.

Reviewed by WALTER B. HAYWARD

FOR those who love Bermuda and fear that, under the tourist onslaught, the colony is growing too much like Main Street, Mr. Morley brings good tidings. No ordinary tourist, he set forth with a copy of "The Tempest" in hand, and returned with the conviction that, in the realm of fancy, Shakespeare remains the best guide to "The Still Vex'd Bermoothes." After three



THE AUTHOR IN A DIVING HELMET.

hundred years and more, Bermuda retains the old subtle atmosphere; Mr. Morley gives proof in the words of Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, and his worthy companions.

Like Kipling, Mr. Morley found a spot where Stephano might readily have come ashore on his butt of sack, and at Nonsuch Island he discovered Prospero in the person of William Beebe, who evokes magic whenever he casts his nets into that mysterious world which lies deep in the sea. The reviewer has seen "this lean, bronzed Prospero (in bathing jersey and shorts) and his young enthusiasts gathered eagerly round the white trays of fresh ocean combings, and indeed it was "like peeping into Nature's dressing room."

Not only did Mr. Morley peep into Nature's dressing room; armored in a diving helmet he invaded the Garden of Eden itself—that lovely realm of sea plants and flowers in the limpid waters of Harrington Sound, close by the Aquarium. Here, Louis Mowbray—a curator wise in the lore of tropical fishes—presented with enthusiasm the angler fish, an "orange hypocrite" who carries his own rod and bait.

"Notes on Bermuda" is the brief record of a profitable holiday; with rare charm, it breathes the graceful spirit of a tiny land possessing a great heritage.

"Bare Ruined Choirs"

(*Continued from page* 533)

a desert of spindling growths sprung up on the ravages of forest fires. The pine tree state is stripped of its pines, and nearly stripped of its spruce. The Appalachians, whose steep ascents and dark hemlock gorges held back immigration for a century, have been cut and burned from end to end. The forests of the Rockies are blackened wastes, with the knees of dead trees set in weeds or the feeble green of weak new trees. The forests of the Pacific slope, most magnificent in the world, are melting. For a similitude of the scarred Allegheny country of the mines or the hundreds of thousands of ruined Canadian acres we must go back in memory to No-man's land in France.

If nature literature and nature love has declined in this country, it is not only the decay of romanticism which accounts for its passing. We have wrecked our own nature, and even when peace from saw and flame, as in New England, has restored it to a milder, less intoxicating beauty, profit-making has plastered it with the vulgarity of man the trader. The forest reasserts itself, feebler, but still a palliative for the disorders of a mind too tightly held in an artificial enviroment,—and becomes a screen for the sale of coffee, oil, and tires.

The New Physics

NEW CONCEPTIONS OF MATTER. By CHARLES G. DARWIN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by KARL K. DARROW

THE hard and praiseworthy task of interpreting the newest doctrines of physics to the laity is undertaken in this book by Charles Galton Darwin, a savant distinguished both of himself and by ancestry. To the mathematical physicists of today, the "Darwin" stands for the author of this work; to those of a generation ago, it stood for his father, George Darwin, the great authority on the tides; to the world at large, for his grandfather Charles Darwin. The Darwin of today is Tait professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; the title of his chair involves a twofold reminiscence of old times, for until the middle of the nineteenth century "natural philosophy" was the customary name for physics, and Tait was one of its great exponents, the contemporary and friend of Kelvin.

The task which Darwin has set for himself is one which has tempted many physicists, most of whom, it is to be presumed, have retired from it baffled. Probably there is no other science, pure mathematics alone excepted, so difficult to apprehend as theoretical physics. One reason is suggested by Darwin in his opening sentence: "It is one of the most unsatisfactory features of the enormous recent developments in science, that they are so remote from all the ordinary things of life." The theoretical physicist of today thinks chiefly about line-spectra, X-rays, the rays from radioactive substances, the flow of electricity through gases—phenomena seldom or never beheld outside of laboratories. Writers for the public must either describe these things and how they are observed, or assume that their readers have already had their interest so much aroused that they have sought out such knowledge for themselves. Mostly they waver between the two alternatives; Darwin elects mainly the latter, though occasionally he describes an experiment with much skill.

More serious however (in my view) is another difficulty. Mathematical physics is largely an *art* of thinking about nature; an art as long and hard to learn as that of playing the piano, or dancing the classical ballet. Normally it requires several years of study, superimposed upon a college education; it involves the practice of several mathematical techniques, the very names of which would frighten the desultory reader—analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, vector analysis, calculus of variations, matrix algebra. Even the earlier stages of learning the art require a far-reaching reconstruction of the student's habits of thought. Only after having undergone something of that discipline is one able to understand properly the statements of physics, even when they sound so deceptively simple as "force is equal to mass times acceleration" or "a beam of light has the properties of a train of waves." Modern psychology is sometimes ridiculed because of its weird and cumbrous technical terms, which, it is true, are likely to spoil the style of an article or a treatise. Modern physics however suffers from the opposite disadvantage—it constantly makes use of words such as "force" and "energy" and "mass" and "wave," which live in the popular speech and in the literary language with loose and fluid meanings, but for the purposes of science have been redefined with a stringency and a mathematical precision which are divined by few.

Now the problem is, how to communicate something of the spirit and quality of the theoretical physics of today, something also of its conclusions, without demanding that rigorous discipline. There is one subject known by name to everyone, for which that problem is extremely hard: it is relativity. Darwin's subject is another, perhaps the only other which rivals relativity in the severity of the task which it sets for the would-be explainer. For the major topic of this book is nothing less than the fusion of the wave-theory and the corpuscle-theory—the unification of these two competing theories of light, which are theories also of electricity, and also of matter. It is not merely the beginner whose habits of thought must be altered to receive these ideas; even physicists are constrained to the arduous work of recasting their painfully-learned ways of thinking. Indeed the beginner has the easier time of it: the older scientists trained as lately as ten years ago are almost as badly off as the tribe of concert pianists would be if all their instruments were suddenly superseded by new ones with fourteen keys to the octave, or the professional dancers if they were to wake up some morning with an entirely new arrangement of muscles and joints in their limbs. The reader would probably be surprised to know how many of the eminent, competent, and efficient physicists of today will candidly admit—without humiliation, if not without regret—that they have never acquired the new theoretical arts, and probably never will.

To prepare for the unification of wave-theory and corpuscle-theory, it is necessary to present the two of them, in their original and irreconcilable forms; this is what Darwin undertakes in his first three chapters. Most of the space is devoted to the wave-theory, for the two excellent reasons that it is the more difficult to visualize, and the phenomena which require it are rare and unfamiliar. There are abundant examples drawn from water-waves and sound-waves; to rely on them for conveying a rough idea is the best policy which can be followed, for the general definition of wave-motion is very abstruse: it must read something like this: "A wave-motion is a motion of a continuous medium, conforming to a certain differential equation of second order." The conception of a beam of light as a train of waves is really not a simple one; on the other hand, the conception of a rain of corpuscles is itself not so elementary as it sounds; for "corpuscle," in the sense of the old corpuscular or atomic theory of light and matter and electricty, was used as an abbreviation of the phrase "very small object *conforming to the laws of classical mechanics.*"

It is rather important to remember that italicized addition; for as the reader will discover when he plunges into Chapter IV, the fusion of wave-theory with corpuscle-theory—the justification of talking about waves of matter and electricity, about atoms of light—is managed by dropping it! Here emerges that magic word "probability," the keyword of the most recent avatar of theoretical physics. One does not say that the atoms, or the electrons, or the corpuscles of light, are impelled by forces along fixed and predestined paths: one says that the probabilities of their presence here, their absence there, their excursions hither and thither, are determined by waves. True, it is necessary to add immediately that in most commonly observed phenomena, the action of the newly postulated waves leads to sensibly the same results as the action of the formerly postulated forces, so that for most practical purposes it is hardly worth while to go to the trouble of changing the picture. Exactly the same thing, of course, is true of the substitution of Einstein's dynamics for Newton's; for explaining the phenomena of daily life one does as well as the other, there is no compelling need for change.

The fifth chapter is an account of the latest form of atom-model, based upon the wave-theory. Beyond it, into the last three chapters, I suspect that few will go who are not professional students of physics or of the sciences closely allied to it; these chapters treat of such things as the magnetism of the electron, collisions between particles of electricity and particles of light, the exclusion-principle of Pauli; but among physicists there are few who would not learn by reading them. They are not easy reading—neither, for that matter, are the earlier chapters of the book; but the difficulty is not in any way due to defects in the writing. In his style Darwin approaches the level of Bragg, Jeans, and Eddington, the three masters who dispelled the notion that skill in writing and skill in science must needs exclude one another. Like them Darwin is good at finding homely comparisons, and enlivening his pages with flashes of wit. The difficulty resides in the task itself—in the problem of rendering, with the fluid, changeable, and amorphous words of daily life, ideas and conceptions for which only the symbolism of mathematics is sufficient. To express the whole of their content in literary language is out of the question; to impart a little is fortunately not without the limits of the possible. After all, one could appreciate something of the beauty and virtuosity of the "Swan," without having been Pavlowa; one can receive a part of the power of the "Appassionata," without being Paderewski.

Karl K. Darrow, who in 1929 *was acting professor of physics in Stanford University, is a member of the technical staff of the Bell Telephone laboratories. He is the author of "Introduction to Contemporary Physics."*

The *Yale Alumni Weekly*, commenting upon the death of the late Benjamin B. Bacon, whose reviews have frequently appeared in the *Saturday Review*, says: "Professor Bacon, to whom Yale, Harvard, Western Reserve, Syracuse, and Illinois gave honorary degrees and who was honored abroad by the Universities of Oxford and Breslau, was an outstanding pioneer in the special field of New Testament criticism and interpretation. A prolific writer on his highly controversial subject, a courageous exponent of modern scholarship as applied to debatable points on the authenticity of parts of the Gospels, he was without any question the acknowledged leader of American scholars in his field, with an influence on European scholars that made him a world leader in New Testament scholarship. But if Professor Bacon had his high place in the world at large, he held no less a place at Yale. He was for a time the University Pastor, and in the Divinity School his efforts were tireless to guide the intellectual outlook and broaden the human sympathies of the students of that School. He came from a distinguished New England ancestry and had an intellectual energy and enthusiasm which made him a marked man in the University's life. Towards the close of his long service to Yale he had become keenly interested in Biblical archaeology and was a director of the American School of Archaeology at Jerusalem which has been excavating at Jerash (Gerasa) in Palestine.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

ONCE A GRAND DUKE. By GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER of Russia. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

The autobiography of the Czar's cousin and son-in-law.

THE MOTHER. By YUSUKE TSURUMI. *Henkle.*

The translation of a novel which is a best-seller in Japan.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By WALTER LIPPMANN and O. W. SCROGGS. *Harpers.*

A discussion of international economics by one of the clearest exponents of contemporary conditions writing in America.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN...*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT *Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY *Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

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*A Japanese Novel**

THE MOTHER. By YUSUKE TSURUMI. New York: Rae D. Henkele. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS V. LEDOUX

IN bringing out "The Mother"—a contemporary Japanese "best-seller"—which its astonishingly versatile author, Mr. Yusuke Tsurumi, has been able to translate for himself into excellent English, the publishers have rendered a service to those who like novels of new yet very human appeal as well as to that smaller class whose taste in fiction is primarily for the exotic.

From an introduction written for this edition by Charles A. Beard, we learn that Mr. Tsurumi, though still a young man, has had a brilliant political career as spokesman of the Liberal Party in Japan and has won an enviable international reputation as a lecturer on sociology. His first novel to appear in book form was published in 1929 and made an instantaneous success that carried it to new triumphs in the theatres and moving picture houses. It is this volume that the author now presents in his own translation to the American public, believing that the fundamental humanity of its simple presentation of an average woman's life will make it appeal to us as it has appealed to thousands of his own countrymen; or perhaps we should say of his countrywomen, for "The Mother," with its glorification of womanhood and its charming pictures of children, is likely to win more women than men.

The book, it may be said at once, is not a great book; in the judgment of the reviewer it is not even a very good book. It lacks the verve and the subtlety of that older Japanese fiction which was innocent of the Occident—"The Tales of Genji," the medieval romances of chivalry, the novels of Bakin, "Hizakurige"—and it lacks the sense of form and structure that popular Japanese novelists of thirty years ago derived from Turgueniev and Ibsen. This is not a problem novel like the "Nami-Ko" ("Hototogisu") of Kenjiru Tokutomi, the American edition of which appeared in 1904, for Ibsen has become *vieux jeu* in Japan as in the Occident and reform of the divorce laws no longer is a burning question. The technique of "The Mother" resembles the technique of the cinema in presenting a series of loosely connected scenes that have just enough continuity to carry the heroine through logical and interesting developments of episode and character, from the ecstasy of first love, past the difficulties of matrimony and the struggles of widowhood, to the attainment of assured position for her much loved children and the fulfilment of that ideal of conduct for women which is only another phase of the knightly code of honor called "Bushido," and has made Japanese womanhood one of the most beautiful and touching manifestations of the human spirit of any land or time.

Loyalty and courage and self-effacement and perfection of training make Japanese women what they are and have been; and these qualities are brought out appealingly in Mr. Tsurumi's simple story of a peasant girl of innate refinement who married a wealthy young banker educated in the Occident, and when his death had followed the loss of his fortune, devoted the remainder of her life with unswerving devotion to the education of his children and the reëstablishment of his family name and honor. The women who do things in Japan—or at least the heroines of play and story—always seem pathetically young, flower-like creatures made to bow before every breeze and yet curiously strong, accomplishing what Fate gives them to do when they have scarcely passed out of girlhood and ready, when the time comes, for death or what would seem to us premature retirement. The key note of the heroine of "The Mother" is in the words she speaks with that restraint which is characteristic of the Japanese, to the secretary who brings the news of the imminent failure of her husband's bank: "What I am most concerned about is not whether the bank will fail but whether he will come through the ordeal as a perfect Samurai." For those who do not know this foreign word it may be added that to act like a Samurai is nearly equivalent to what an Englishman means when he says "to behave like a gentleman."

After all, there are surprisingly few things in this book that would not be perfectly clear to the average reader of novels in America, even though we may miss instantaneous comprehension of, let us say, the social status of a person from a description of the costume worn or the hair-arrangement, and are far slower than a Japanese would be in sensing the season of the year from a slight reference to a flower or breeze or fragrance. A Japanese poem does in a few syllables what Wordsworth would take as many pages to accomplish, and Japanese readers are trained to catch the overtones of words. In "The Mother" the glimpses of nature are as brief as they are delightful.

The book appeals directly to us because of its essential humanity. It is, however, except perhaps in its method, purely Japanese and it may mark—if the reviewer can draw a correct inference from his limited knowledge of the subject—the happy return of Japanese fiction from too slavish an imitation of the Occident to something more close to native tradition and therefore to something that rings more true. When the artists of Japan learn merely to take what is best in our culture and combine it with what is best in their own—as has already been done in the designs of department store fabrics for native use, a new art, and perhaps an art that is as great as it is new, will have come into the world. Meanwhile it will be extremely interesting to see how this simple story of womanly devotion, which as book and play and picture has enthralled thousands in Japan, will fare in America. One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, and if there were nothing else in Mr. Tsurumi's novel but its sensitive and charming pictures of childhood, "The Mother" could be commended for these alone.

Louis Ledoux is a poet and a distinguished connoisseur of Japanese art and Japanese culture in general. He is the author among other books of "Japanese Figure Prints from Nooronubu to Toyokuni," "Landscape, Bird and Flower Prints" and "Surimono," and "The Art of Japan."

* An article, by the author of "The Mother," on Japanese literature appears on page 540.

Mill Town

CALL HOME THE HEART. By FIELDING BURKE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

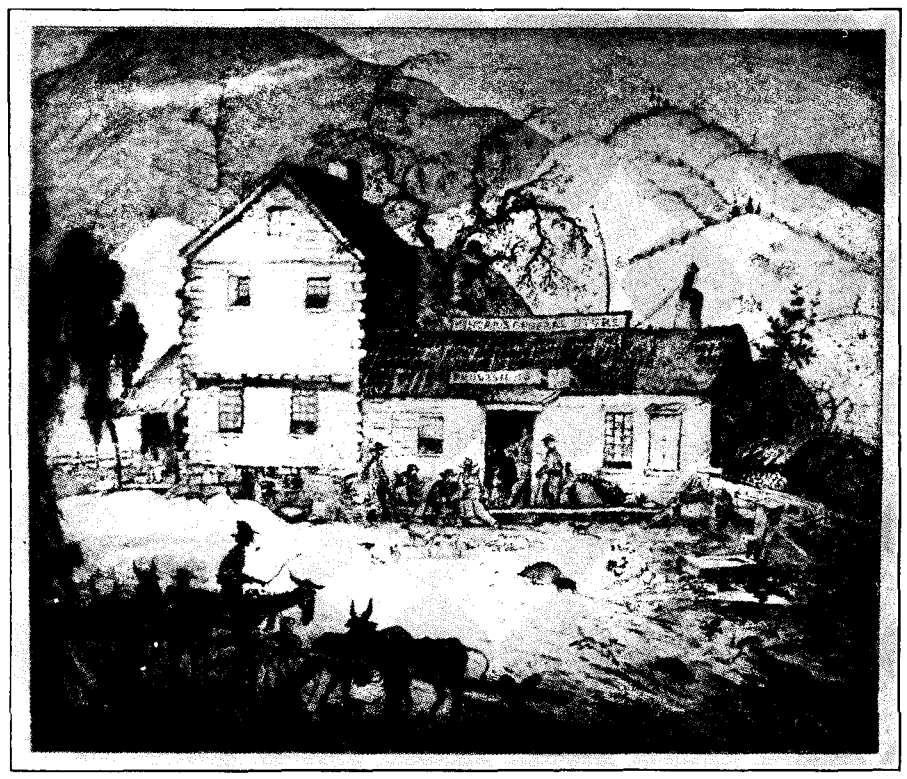
FIELDING BURKE is not the first who has taken the industrial conflict in the textile industry in North Carolina a few years ago as material for a novel. He is the first who has given that conflict interpretation, not in the form of drab economic propaganda written in swift journalese, but in a powerful story of men and women, dimensional and vital because Mr. Burke has a true understanding of the people involved in that conflict and the rural life behind them. Unless we are facing a very happy year in literature there will be few books written in 1932 in so rich a spirit or about so moving a theme as his first novel, "Call Home The Heart." A book, wealthy in flaws, it is wealthier still in its indigenous story of the last of the old, hard-struggling rural America engulfed in the new bitterness of the barren town which held out promise of escape from the barren land.

For Mr. Burke, the strike in Windbury (Gastonia, N. C.) is not fundamentally important. It is not a single bayonetting, a single sadistic beating of a striker by a deputy sheriff, which has caught the imagination of Mr. Burke. He is writing not about a strike but about a people. No mere industrial propagandist would have dug to such deep roots. No mere Communist would have given more than half of his book to building the rural life of the North Carolina mountains and in particular the woman's life of farm and house labor which has driven the stream of laborers into the mills. In the first 177 pages of the book there is no hint of economic propaganda, only a picture of mountain life with a sensitive appreciation of its beauty and an equally sensitive appreciation of its poverty and the hopelessness of young aspiration against Nature and the land.

Mr. Burke makes wholly understandable Ismalee Waycaster's flight from Cloudy Knob and her husband, whom she loves, with another man into the "big happy world." What she finds is Winbury. And Winbury is physial and spiritual starvation, enlivened by the excitement of movies and ten cent stores and vulgar peep shows. She finds the people of Winbury cheap, raw material, used quickly and cruelly. There is nothing abstract or theoretical about Winbury as Ismalee learns it in gradual bitterness and sympathy. It is concrete in individual human lives, as concrete as pellagra, as the "stretch out" system and scabs in the mills, as concrete as old, hopeless children and hopeless, childish men and women.

This picture of a North Carolina mill town is so unhappily veracious that many will see in it only a part of Mr. Burke's anti-capitalistic propaganda. Yet the picture is scarcely, if at all, overdrawn. The towns are heartrending in ugliness; the people are heartrending in their sodden helplessness. In his picture of the mill town just complaint might lie against Mr. Burke not as a propagandist who has falsified his scene but as an artist who has let his righteous indignation lead him into a betrayal of his art. This is true in spite of the fact that he seems to be writing Communist propaganda and that he is guilty of very nearly all the faults which generally pervade the single viewpoint novel of the economic conflict. The poor are good; the rich are evil. The hero and the heroine, the liberal doctor, the Communist leader, are all drawn in sentimentality. Life is perpetually dark under capitalism and the promise of perfect life lies in the reign of the proletariat. Yet the book is never just a preachment.

Very definitely Mr. Burke flies unsatisfied from his own propaganda just as does his heroine who fought and then fled back to her mountains. That flight probably marks for Mr. Burke the beginning of escape from forthright indignation into the truer perspective of the artist. In this book, despite the sentimentality and hard indignation with which he draws his opposing characters, they are alive, and the world in which they live, both in mountain and town, is vivid, true, and important. Here is rich promise. Here is better than promise, for with all its faults "Call Home The Heart" is perhaps the best novel yet written of industrial conflict in contemporary America. And how long we have needed it!



SCENE IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS, BY HARRISON CADY.
From "Contemporary American Prints" (American Art Dealers Association)

Two new roads on the outskirts of Nuneaton, says *John o'London's* Weekly, Warwickshire, are to be called "Middlemarch Road" and "Barton Road," in honor of George Eliot, who was born near there in 1819. Other names from her books will be selected as other roads are made.

Compton Mackenzie has written a play about Sir Walter Scott, which is to be produced at the Edinburgh Masque Theatre next season.

The Old Order Passes

SUMMER'S NIGHT. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARDINE K. SCHERMAN

THIS is another story of English life, with a full, rich background and characters of contrasting types, depicted in the traditional social comedy vein. The son of a "fine old house" marries the lightly-drawn daughter of a rich Jew. It might be one of a dozen English stories. But the pictures of the life of each home, done in excellent detail, are entirely convincing. The feeling for a lovely, old house which mother and son have to leave for economic reasons, is deep and true. The house itself with panelling, beautiful gardens, narrow, old-time servants, is tenderly described. Even the extravagance and never satisfied aspirations of the *nouveau riche* seem not to be exaggerated. There is an air of authority about the scene. Characters really talk. To American ears at any rate, the dialogue is excellent and well contrasted—both as to subject matter and expression.

But while the whole social picture rings true, the actual story is thin. Types interest the author rather than individuals. Only one figure stands out—one that has all the earmarks of a character taken bodily from life. It is the eccentric, doggy, memoir-writing Lady Bitterne, mother of the hero, and mistress of Melbourne Hall. If she is not recognizable to certain "near London" circles, then more praise to the writer's imagination. She is vigorous and delightful. Beside her, the young couple about whom the story purports to be written, are pale. Laboriously these two are brought together, pulled apart, and again united—puppets which the author dangles before a canvas of pulsing life. The sweetness of a young English boy brought up under happy circumstances, and the brave acceptance of fate of a girl of the same family—are expressions of a class, as much as is the crudeness and energy and vulgarity of the usurpers. Like so many of the younger English writers, Miss Thompson seems to be singing a sad farewell to the old order, finding it hard, in her own generation, to accept a new.

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Old School and New

THE END OF DESIRE. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by TAYLOR SCOTT HARDIN

THIS new novel is about a modern affair between two middle-aged M.D.'s, specialists in psychology. The man, though very broad-minded, has that appreciation of one's proper relationship toward society, that instinct of social reciprocity, which the woman, like so many emancipated females, considers old-fashioned. Furthermore, Dr. Redfield is rather sweet in nature, with a romantic ideal about love; whereas Serena Massey is a selfish individualist, to whom love is a sort of impersonal rite, to be turned on (spigot-fashion) only at those intervals when the libido coincides with scientific fancy. At first the affair is adultery, at which Serena is no tyro; but later, while she is off (with her lover) on a trip in South America, her husband dies. Then Redfield, himself a widower, wants to marry her; but she will not hear of it. So they continue along much as before, the thing becoming increasingly unsatisfactory for the man.

Serena has three grown children, who, aware that all is not quite as it should be in the State of Denmark, complicate the issue by knowing too much and by reacting in divers ways to this knowledge. Serena lives by the theory that she should shut her eyes to complications and that nothing in her life is ever anybody else's business. But the children prove her theory an unwise one—particularly the younger son, who manifests his tender repercussion by nearly becoming homosexual during his college career. He is saved from it not by his mother but by Redfield, who has taken a fancy to the boy. The elder son hates Redfield, mostly from jealousy, and is finally married off by Serena to the sort of wife she thinks he ought to have for his diplomatic career. The daughter, who has made a mess of her first marriage, talks about her mother (often disparagingly) to Redfield, whom she likes. Incidentally, Redfield has an offspring too—a disappointing young man who marries, then deserts his wife, leaving both her and their child for his father to support.

The story, told mostly through the man's reactions, is concerned with the various complications, both material and psychological, which accompany the affair. It amounts to a series of liaisons, interspaced by social correlations, with an occasional lame reference here and there to the particular scientific "work" which each of the so-called doctors is supposedly engaged in. The lovers spend spells together at the Lilacs (Redfields's *pied-à-terre* in Connecticut) or aboard their schooner-houseboat, cruising along the Maine coast or in the Caribbean. And the end of their desire comes in the usual way—through satiety and the death of mutual interest. However much the author means us to think his protagonists know about psychology, in their own words and deeds they do no more credit to their profession than Mr. Herrick does to that (in this book) of novel writing.

"The End of Desire" seems to be nothing but a peg to hang a jejune idea on: love relationship between an old-school man and a new-school woman. Certainly Mr. Herrick's point of view is not up to that standard of sophistication which even the humblest of critics is prone through modern precedent to expect. Furthermore, the writing itself makes the going increasingly heavy. Mr. Herrick's style has neither the graceful cleverness of Somerset Maugham's nor the perspicuous sententiousness of Geoffrey Scott's.

Sophies Michaelis, who was regarded as the dean of Danish literature, died last month at Copenhagen. He was a prolific writer, having produced novels, plays, operatic librettos, short stories, and poems. At the time of his death he was President of the Danish Authors' Association, and he was a member of the literary jury at the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924 and in Amsterdam in 1928.

Why Are Races Different?

PSYCHOLOGY OF A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. By ALEXANDER PORTEOUS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1932. $12.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

EXTREMES are always interesting, and what could be more extreme than absolutely naked savages who use the glass from old bottles instead of flints for spear heads? The wilder Black Fellows of Australia have nothing to give in exchange for iron tools. Therefore they use the Stone Age method of chipping stone or glass into serviceable weapons. Such psychological matters as "complexes," intelligence quotients, "and mental age" are also interesting to almost every one. Then, too, we are all keen for information as to whether racial inheritance, physical environment, or culture is the fundamental reason why one race differs from another. Because of these widespread interests Professor Stanley D. Porteous of the University of Hawaii gets off to a fine start when he attempts to tell us about "The Psychology of a Primitive People." Once started he runs exceedingly well and very swiftly. Unlike so many scientists he knows how to write most interestingly. Unlike so many authors of travel books he has something important to say. His book belongs in the same general class as Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," and Livingstone's Journals. It will live not merely because it is well written, but because it breaks new ground. It arouses controversy, too, for Professor Porteous is certain that there are great and fundamental mental differences between one race and another. These differences and the various types of human culture which go with them seem to him to represent a long process of adjustment to the natural environment. This seems entirely sound to the reviewer, but it is by no means the commonly accepted doctrine.

Professor Porteous went to Australia to make psychological tests of the aborigines before they lose their aboriginal character. He visited the southwest coast where the aborigines are more or less sophisticated and mixed with white blood. Then he went to the northwest coast where wilder people live in a tropical environment. Food is abundant most of the time, but the environment is so unpleasant and both drought and flood produce such ill effects that white settlers are found only at intervals of scores or even hundreds of miles. Finally the author visited the center of Australia, a wretchedly dry hill country in the heart of the Great Australian Desert. There he found not only "mission natives," as in the northwest, but also some wild black fellows who had scarcely seen a white man until a great drought of nine years drove them to seek succor at a mission station a few weeks before his arrival.

"The Psychology of a Primitive People" is written in the form of a book of travel with a few chapters on psychological and physical tests at the end. It is remarkable for the way in which almost every page inquires into the cause of some phase of human conduct. And everywhere we are led back from the facts of observation to the stage of culture in which the Australians find themselves, and then to the way in which the whole matter is tied up with the physical environment. For example, in connection with the ever-present fears of the natives and the ceremonies, taboos, and traditions by which evil may be averted, we are told that

> few people can realize the emptiness of this continent even in these days of white occupancy. In the center you may travel a hundred or five hundred miles without seeing a soul, while in the Northwest a road is a mere ribbon of travel, and settlement nothing but a chain of stations, on either side of which lie vast empty territories. . . . The number of persons present is in some strange way a denominator by which fear is divided. . . . Only in the woods or the country is there room for spirits and ghosts. . . .

"The fear of spectres has been crowded out of our minds" by the lights and companionship of our modern way of life, but it remains in full vigor among the lonely black fellows.

In similar fashion, but far more fully, we are made to see how the bloody and cruel initiation ceremonies which sear the soul of an adolescent boy are a means of survival in an almost incredibly harsh environment. They tend to centralize the power and authority in the hands of the older men. Not the warrior but the one who knows is the leader. War between neighboring tribes is conspicuously absent, partly because the waste spaces are so huge and there is no way of traversing them except on foot. The dangers that beset the little groups of naked aborigines arise almost entirely from the rigors of drought and the scarcity of water and food. Thus in a crisis the thing that is needed is not the strong young warrior, but the wise old man who remembers every waterhole no matter how remote and filthy. Implicit obedience to him, even though he may not be physically strong is the only means of survival. He alone knows all the hidden spots where vegetation sometimes lingers and stray animals may be found after all else is parched and ashy from long absence of rain.

The more new ideas a book contains the more easily it can be criticized. The present book is no exception to this rule. I criticize especially the chapter on Origin and Dispersion. In this the author brings the aborigines to the northwest coast and makes them migrate in three streams, eastward and southward along the coast, and southeastward into the worst part of the desert. There in the central desert psychological tests show that the intelligence of the natives is highest. Professor Porteous also finds evidence that from there have come many of the higher elements of native culture. But all this puzzles him and makes his reasoning inconclusive. It seems to me that the whole matter would be clear if the author did two things. The first is to give up the doubtful assumption that because the Australian aborigines are not now migrating, they have not migrated for untold generations. The second is to recognize that since the glacial period Australia, like every other continent, has been subject to climatic pulsations. There is abundant proof of this in the unworn but abandoned shore lines of Lake Eyre and other salt lakes, as well as in other ways. If we accept this idea and believe that the Australians, like other people, migrate when they have to, the high cultural position of the desert center and the uniformity with which the customs of the center have spread to the whole continent become clear. The aborigines apparently penetrated to the center of Australia at a time of greater rainfall. As the rainfall diminished they were forced either to perish, to migrate, or to evolve a culture that could cope with the desert. Doubtless all three things happened to certain groups. For our purposes the important point is that after the increasing harshness of the climate had led to a highly developed desert type of culture, the aborigines from the central regions were forced to migrate outward. They presumably overcame the dwellers in the marginal areas, who were weaker both physically and culturally. That is what appears to have happened repeatedly in Asia and Africa. A similar phenomenon is observable among animals.

Such doubtful matters as the one just discussed in no wise detract from the general excellence of Professor Porteous's book. It is because he sees so deeply into the lives of the natives that his book is highly significant. He sympathizes with them; he admires them in many ways; and above all he understands why their thoughts, their ambitions, and their innate capacities and temperament as well as their mode of life, are so different from ours. Yet his intimate contact with the natives agrees with his psychological tests in leading to this conclusion:

> If there is one thing which to my mind emerges most definitely and unmistakably from this study it is the selective influence of environment and the apparent malleability of human nature. But this malleability is not mobility. No one knows the numbers of generations that must have been subjected to the Central Australian environment before the distinctive traits of its people have been formed. The malleability of human nature is that of cold iron, but environmental influences are like the thousand blows of a sledge hammer beating the metal out into its distinctive forms. Nor can I, considering the evidence at hand, do otherwise than believe that the basic metal is intrinsically variable, so that some is more easily moulded, and is beaten more easily into new forms. In short, to those who affirm racial equality I would present the facts of the present study which seem to show in so many points that mental differences associated with race are real and significant. But though admitting these differences I would hesitate to describe any race as unintelligent. Even a so-called primitive race such as the Australians may be excellently adapted to their own environment and therefore must be deemed intelligent. But at the same time they are certainly unadaptable to a civilized environment.

An Age and Its Leader

JUSTINIAN. By GEORGE PHILIP BAKER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLARENCE MENDELL

ONCE again Mr. Baker has introduced to contemporary America a character from the ancient world, a character very familiar by name, but otherwise much of a stranger. For most of us conceive of Justinian as a not very animated law book. Mr. Baker's Justinian on the other hand is a hardy peasant with a stern determination and an ambitious wife. Unfortunately in introducing him Mr. Baker does not make him as real as he made Sulla or Hannibal or Tiberius. This is not entirely Mr. Baker's fault. Only, in a hard and perplexing age, an age in which theological questions are confusingly intermixed with imperial politics, the picture of a music hall actress making herself empress of the world somewhat distracts the author, and his chief character often becomes wholly obscured. The world in 500 A. D. was a confusing world. There are too many figures in the picture, figures with names too strange and careers too short to let them really live for us. The result is that, while this story of an important period reads easily and pleasantly, it lacks dramatic unity. It is not biography in the style of the gossipy Suetonius or the moral Plutarch, or even in the mode of Lytton Strachey: with different purposes and different methods each of these attains to unity. Nor is it history centralized in a great character after the manner in which Tacitus dramatized history. It is a brave attempt to do the well nigh impossible: to make comprehensible a most perplexing age and its nominal leader. It makes good reading, for it is well done in the large. Neither Justinian nor his time makes history-writing easy, and this is history-writing rather than biography.

The volume does not attempt to add to what Gibbon and Bury have already done for the interpretation of Procopius, and if Mr. Baker finds it difficult definitely to accept or to abandon the historian's "anecdotes" he wavers in good company, and what he retains lends vivacity to his narrative. It would have been better if he had not tried to add further vivacity by certain too conscious phrases in modern slang. To "bump the old man off" or "put him on the spot" are real blemishes on an otherwise delightful style, and it is hard to think that even Theodora would have expressed herself exactly in the words "we have got to get a move on quick."

With all of the difficulties of time and personality Mr. Baker has done us a service in taking Justinian out of his sheepskin binding and making him strut his part among the Greens and the Blues of Constantinople.

George Earle Buckle has nearly finished his huge task of editing Queen Victoria's letters. The last volume, which appeared in October, covered the period 1891-1895; the final volume brings the correspondence down to the Queen's death in 1901.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

IX. "SOMEWHAT IMPASSIVE"

ON Sundays a faint sound of rustling rises to the all-attentive ear, not unlike the rotation of a large dog curling for siesta among dry winter leaves. It is the American Middle Class settling down to its newspapers. Into that sea of print they subside in placid swoon. Like two goldfish in a crystal bowl, Lucille and Gladys floated softly inside the clear and tepid globe of the Sunday press. Outside that microcosmic round, the vast universe was vague and strange shadows moved; within the glassy circle of Now, life was definite and sharp. With an automatic pulsation of the gills they absorbed the oxygen fit for them. From whatever seemed likely to require thought they turned instinctively away. Poised in fascinated attention, they considered the pronouncements of wealthy ladies about Vanishing Creams or were tempted by the mage in Brooklyn who offers two mystic magnetic lodestones for $1.97—one to attract good fortune, the other to repel evil. Even minerals, cried this advertiser, are susceptible to sex. Yield Lucille and Gladys this tribute: they never succumbed to the lodestone merchant.

For usually they became gently stupefied by the suggestions of the rotogravure sections. The distant orbits known as "smart circles" (which seem amazingly accessible to the advertising camera) swung round them in dizzying vertigo. There in photographic facsimile the great ladies of the land came demurely to the rescue of fainting Trade. Mrs. Bogardus told why her bath always leaves her body velvety soft and smooth. Mrs. Trafalgar's finger nails shone like jewels. Mrs. Regent's teeth were proof against film; Mrs. Beekman's pores were never clogged; Mrs. Ashland's perfume made the British ambassador inhale with ecstacy. Mrs. Morningside Peachbottom slept soft on a Myrmidon Mattress. Mrs. Schuyler kept fit for the hard grind of the season with a quart of aperient water a day. But presently even such receptive readers as Lucille and Gladys began to wonder. Perhaps it was hardly necessary to know these maharanees of merchandise socially since they admitted the masses with such gracious candor to the functions of the boudoir. Not less than any marquise of the eighteenth century they performed their toilet in public. Lucille and Gladys came near crying Boloney. So does the overzealous merchant addle the golden egg.

If Richard could sort out the Financial Sections from that Sargasso of print in which his women wallowed, he also rested in passive infinitive. Print, the strong narcotic, pours into the eyes, fills the system with its pacifying drug. The faith which the females gave to cigarette and toothpaste bravuras he reserved for the mahatmas of the Statistical Bureaus and Economic Services. "Technical studies indicate selective liquidation continues." . . . "Deflation is now an accomplished fact." . . . "The price the public is paying for goods is nearing the level where increased buying will be stimulated." . . . "There are no prospects of substantial change pending consummation of various readjustments." . . . "The current outlook for securities seems to be clouded by a number of conflicting factors." These naively cautious or Laodicean oracles were sedative, but he still had a residual shrewdness. He read war news, reports of sermons, real estate forecasts, but he was never completely hypnotized. Even when his glands reacted strongly to some injection of patriotic adrenalin by cartoon or editorial, he was not entirely swamped. Dumbly, dimly, he felt there was something wrong somewhere. It isn't all as simple as that.

Suppose the Unknown Citizen were to broadcast. Unidentified, with no danger of being held to account for his precious and secret thoughts, just step up to the mike and soliloquize. Suppose he were to say what he speculates about the church, submarines, Russia, or the bringing up of children? How appalled the Authorities would be. How appalled he would be himself. For the most astounding achievement of society has been to train millions of people to think they believe certain ideas which they often don't believe at all. The Unknown Citizen would be quite staggered at the notions he himself was uttering. He had been silent so long about his innermost decencies he had almost forgotten they were there. The War of the future, the most terrible and rending convulsion of all, will be within the mind: the civil war between what you think and what you suppose you think. Great sedentary areas of intellect will be ravaged by bomb and gas. Many minds will perish.

Perhaps it was the neighborhood of the Museum of Natural History that gave Richard his painful little twinges of detachment. They bothered him now and then like a troublesome tooth. Was some nerve of credulity decaying in his mind? He did not enter the Museum very often, for usually he had Peke with him on his walks. He could take Peke to Woolworth's (a place almost equally instructive) buttoned inside his overcoat, with only that small grotesque Chinese mask looking out between his lapels. Peke enjoyed Woolworth's, which is our nearest approach to an Oriental bazar. Like a mandarin in a palanquin he looked down from the fork of Richard's overcoat, surveying the crowded counters with alert curiosity. Also with something of disdain: the Pekinese has been taught through a million generations to think himself either a lion or a dragon, and no one has ever told him the truth. But sometimes Richard carried inside his bosom still another small and sharp-toothed creature with a goblin temper. Shall we call it Doubt? Perhaps many carry this dangerous pet carefully buttoned up.

He felt more religious when he visited the Museum than ever in any church. The section of the giant sequoia, 1400 years old, with its concentric patterns of growth, was more awful than a cathedral altar. He could almost pray to that huge slab of smooth brown timber: it was a symbol of purity and patience. He tried in impotent imagination to conceive it as it had been in the living tree, scalloped with deep corrugated bark. He heard the wind of dead centuries in its lofty boughs. He could hardly have endured to visit it with any companion, which would have embarrassed him. You must go lonely to your God. "You noble, noble thing," he whispered to it, and was ashamed, hurrying off to look at the wax enlargement of the house-fly for relief. The fossil tree-trunk estimated to be fifteen million years old did not affect him so. His mind had no grasp for such distances. But 1400 years is within reasonable reach.

There was another exhibit which he sometimes pondered. It was growing a bit shabby, but he loved it. "The Struggle for Existence Illustrated by the Meadow Mouse." In a glass case of earth and rocks and stumps a colony of stuffed mice lived in fatal proximity to all their enemies. A cat, a skunk, a weasel, an owl, a snake, threatened them from all sides. Above, poising deadly in air, a hawk suspended. The imperilled mice continued their innocent affairs apparently regardless. The legend on the case was gruesomely impartial. "Every living thing is engaged in an unconscious struggle for existence, which ranges from a somewhat impassive test of endurance to active warfare." It never occurred to him that the name Meadow Mouse had exactly the same cadence as Richard Roe.

So in those crowded halls of wonder he sometimes strolled on rainy Sundays, perfectly at worship. Here was man at his best: groping for law and meaning. The lectures and pamphlets and other activities of the great society he did not pursue, but he wanted to help. He thought of leaving the Museum a modest bequest in his will, but he rather feared this might cause his heirs to try to break the testament on the ground of insanity. So in a period of good business he sent the Director a check for a thousand dollars, asking him not to make it public. No one, not even Minnie, knew about this until she and Hubbard went through his personal files. Richard did not have very many secrets, but those he had he kept.

The Museum gave him an unusual sense of simple reality; so much so that once, thinking a shrub in the park looked undernourished, he bought some ten-cent cartons of "fertilized earth" at Woolworth's and spread the soil round the roots. This, he admitted, was a good joke on him, for apparently it killed the bush—or perhaps it was the fault of all those police dogs. But this was one of his few agrarian impulses, for he was essentially urban.

He loved at night, in the shine of shop-windows, to tour his uptown domain. No great land-owner takes more pleasure in his colored garden beds than Richard in the changing displays of mixed merchandise. Certain familiar features he knew by heart: the dusty 35-pound lobster, "caught in the waters of Maine," in a chop-house window; the florist's sign, "We telegraph flowers." His observation had the unspoiled eye which can see a thing purely as object before deforming it by sophistry. Sometimes he caught himself wondering how flowers are telegraphed, or whether one toothpaste is really any better than another. Many windows were constantly changing; he delighted in the panorama of electric clocks, sun-lamps, "hand-tailored neckwear," California Navel Oranges, cashew nuts—a name that made his nose tickle. He enjoyed a little late shopping in the savor of delicatessen stores, where he found always new varieties of whole-wheat crackers and strange jams to take home for his bedtime supper. All these goods suggested endless themes in mechanics, geography, commerce. He was grateful to be included in a world that offered so much material for thought and self-argument. He loitered to overhear what people said. "There's some Shalimar, only $1.35 a dram, I must get some," cried one girl to another at a display of perfumery. He wondered what young man's career might be effectually altered by that small vial of musky invitation.

It was an era of declining prices: he watched business grow more and more obeisant to the public. A modiste insisted that she was Exclusive but Not Expensive. Banks installed ingenious revolving slots for Night Deposit, urging him not to risk carrying large sums in the dangerous dark but to entrust cash to them at any hour. Drug stores offered him A Pot of Tea Free from 3 to 5. All this he studied with the alert mind of a trader, comparing prices, considering ideas for his own behoof. When a long rush of traffic was suddenly halted by a red light he sometimes smelt a fume of burning brakes. That was very like what was happening to business. The check had been jammed on so hard that everywhere was a whiff of hot bearings.

His mind was busy and happy as he admired this vivid show, yet he would have been rather speechless to any inquiry as to what he was thinking. "I can't make out what he sees in those walks of his," exclaimed Gladys after his attempt to expound the symbolism of the burning brakes. "He does notice the craziest things. It was probably only his old cigar he smelled." Gladys was very sensitive in the matter of masculine aromas. When Richard had had a cocktail he was careful to breathe through his nostrils at the dinner table in the hope of not offending her.

Going up and down that region of Broadway it occasionally struck him, when he needed to buy a collar or a shirt, that the milliners and modistes outnumbered men's outfitters about twenty to one. Sometimes he paused before an array of fragile pink gear or network hosiery, mildly speculating on the difficult comedy of sex. A window of those silken bifurcations can suggest as much as a tale by Flaubert. In an adjoining shop a coiffeur's wax bust with the gown cut very low was turning languorously on clockwork. As it revolved it met the corner of his eye and simpered at him. He turned away alarmed. No, there was no escape from women. Like the small efficient Japanese in the crumbling continent of China, women had invaded the old easy going empire of man, burst open its flimsy pagodas and antique fortresses. Upper Broadway was a street in a conquered city. In almost every window were the emblems of the victors. Flowers, perfumes, ribboned steamer baskets of rich unwholesome nougats, aphrodisiac movies, trashy novels—all designed for women. Their most personal and physiological requisites flaunted everywhere in shameless display. Even the cigar store, the barber, the shoe-shine stand, old havens of masculine retreat, lay open to their triumph. Men were as helpless as the crabs packed in trays of ice and seaweed in the chop-house window, doomed and yet still bubbling a last heroic disdain.

Well, more power to them, he thought—meaning the women, not the crabs. Perhaps they'll make a better job of it than we have. But the thought of those network stockings and carmined fingernails made him pause. Can we trust the future of the world to people who take that sort of thing seriously? Even white spats, even boiled shirts, are not quite as futile as that.

Very likely the future of the world will take care of itself, he thought later as he drank a bottle of ice-cold milk and got into bed. Even the giant sequoia had been through some bad times in its 1400 years: some of those circles in the trunk were very wrinkled.

In great social shifts such as these it is probably irrelevant either to applaud or protest. The deep tide of history moves too far down for casual control. Richard made his microscopic observations and at moments was filled to bursting with honorable ideas for which he knew no utterance. But he was too wise to be angry. Mostly he took things as he found them—or they took him—and assumed they were all part of the scheme. The Middle Class is run by its women: that is why it remains the Middle Class, unshaken by the exorbitant joys and horrors above and below. It is the gyroscope of society. People who are not in the middle it reasonably calls eccentric.

What a magnificent stride in civilization when even the Unknown Citizen grows anxious and uncertain, and feels the godlike pains of foreboding.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

M. C. McKelvey, in "Personality in the Library," in the January issue of the *Wilson Bulletin* quotes the following poem which hangs outside the door of the Refectory of the Cathedral of Chester, England:

A PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry over much
About the fussy thing called "I."
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life
And pass it on to other folk.

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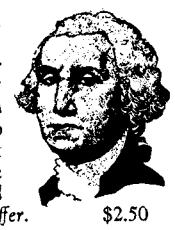

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Japanese Literary Annals

By YUSUKE TSURUMI*

ART and literature have a peculiar place in Japanese life. Partly because of our temperament and partly by tradition our daily routine is inseparably bound up with literature and art. The tea ceremony and flower arrangements occupy a secure place in the life not only of the aristocracy, but also of the middle class. The education of a young woman is never complete without some instruction in poetry writing. It is not uncommon to find the master of a grocery shop or a cobbler sending in his poem in competition for a prize offered by a local paper to which he subscribes. The New Year's number of all Japanese papers has a special feature every year. On that day are published the ten best poems selected by the poets laureate of Japan to be read in the presence of th Emperor and his Court. The subject is given out a few months in advance each year and thousands of people send in their poems. There is no qualification of class and standing, nor even nationality. In fact, a few years ago, Mrs. Burnett, an American lady, won the honor.

It is imaginative literature more than anything else that molds the opinions of a country. Literary criticisms, historical essays, as well as poems, novels, and dramas have a great influence in giving currency to ideas and direction to popular thinking. Moreover, it is the literary people who usually foreshadow coming changes. Japan is no exception to that general rule. In that respect, too, the literature of modern Japan is important, because what these poets and novelists think today, Japan will do tomorrow.

In the period of romanticism (1895-1905) there was another and still more substantial reason for the prosperity of literature. That was the material progress of the country after the war. Newspapers began to increase circulations, and innumerable magazines appeared in the market. Demands for literary productions increased in great proportions.

The first effect on imaginative literature appeared in the so-called "concept novel" which tried to interpret the conflicting theories of life that were growing up in the minds of people. This was decidedly a step forward from the former period, in that the novelists were becominging interested in objective descriptions of man in society. But the writers of this school did not produce any works of permanent value.

A second effect was to open the door to the novel of social criticism. The first writer of this school was a young woman of delicate health and restricted material circumstances whose pen name was Ichi-yo or One-Leaf. When she was barely twenty she published her first novel. At the beginning of the period under consideration, she rose to the very top of the literary realm by producing works of real genius. Exposed to the hardships of a selfish and heedless world from her young childhood, her sensitive mind was overwhelmed by the sad fate of mankind. In her first novels she revealed a spirit of impassioned revolt—the revolt of womankind against the tyranny of society. Above all did she resent the unjust treatment meted out to the women of the lower classes. She saw no gleam of hope and happiness for the daughters of the poor, and the misery and melancholy of their lives weighed heavily on her spirit. Filled with sympathy for them she challenged society with her fiery pen. Although her works were far from perfect in literary form and finish, a new note ran through them all. The intense earnestness and genuine enthusiasm of the great writer were stamped on every page. There was nowhere to be found a trace of the "playfulness" that characterized the writers of the Koyo or "Maple Leaves" school. In 1895 she wrote her great work, "Take-Kurable," and her place in the literary history of Japan was established.

Ichi-yo had that power so rare among even great artists, the power of revealing all that language holds, and leaving the immeasurable misery of genuine tragedy to the imagination of those who can walk serenely with Buddha or suffer with Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. Thus in the writing of this true genius the imaginative literature of Japan made an immense gain. It was brought nearer to life. The terrible power of restraint was demonstrated in a manner never to be forgotten.

The age of romanticism is always the age of poetry, and Japan was no exception to the general rule. Poetry in all forms burst forth in this period.

In August of 1897, an epoch making book of poetry appeared. The author was a young teacher in a middle-school in Sendai, a city two hundred miles north of Tokyo. For a number of years he had cast about for someone willing to publish his work, and at last he succeeded in selling all his poems for fifteen dollars cash without any royalty on them. He awoke one summer morning and found himself famous all over the country. The name of "Toson," or "A Village of Wistaria," had become a household name. The book went into hundreds of editions and is still selling, much to the benefit of the publisher and the publisher alone.

The popular form of Japanese verse has long been the short poem of either thirty-one or seventeen syllables. Toson succeeded, by one master stroke, in giving Japan a new style of verse, a long poem with no limitation on the number of lines. In this freer form, the poet sang of the new spirit of Young Japan. The long pent-up ferment among the young minds at last found an expression, in beautiful, vivid, and novel forms. The genuineness of sentiments, the earnestness of the spirit, and the beauty of the style, captured the imagination of the whole literary world. And there was an air of freedom over it all. The poet sang about nature, passionate love, and the glory of human endeavor.

The spirit of innovation was not confined to the field of long poems. The art and form of the short poem was destined to undergo a revolution. In August, 1901, the literary world of Japan was to receive a great sensation. A collection of short poems entitled "Midare-gami," or "The Flowing Hair," was published, and all Japan gasped with admiration. It was the work of a young girl of twenty-two, who wrote under her real name Aki-ko or The Child of a Gem. She later married a poet and is now known as Madame Yosano.

While the poems of Toson were under the influence of Western poets like Swinburne and Rossetti, the works of Aki-ko were entirely Japanese. She delved deeply into the classics of Japan and, while giving expression to the spirit of her age, used the old form of her ancestors. By bold lines on the love, tumult, and romance of human life, she shocked old-fashioned people and gave an unbounded joy to the younger generation. She took an immense delight in slighting the old formalities and narrow moralities. Her songs were full of bold denunciation of conventionalism.

The rise of naturalism is a very significant event; not only in the history of literature, but also in the whole history of the Japanese people. As a result of the ascendency of the scientific spirit, "the sadness of victory," experienced after the war with Russia, the introduction of continental literature in place of English, and the importation of the philosophy of pragmatism Young Japan emerged from the dreamland of color prints and the myth of the Sun Goddess, and stood face to face with the naked truth of the world in which she lived.

The atmosphere that surrounded the Japanese seemed entirely unbearable. Romanticism was a broad day dream; idealism and religion were sheer sentimentalism; and the old moralities were sheer hypocrisy. Everything was false. It must go. So, with deadly earnestness, the Japanese began to pull down all the existing theories and ideas. They were intent on destruction and exposition.

The writer who really ushered in the new period was Doppo or A Lone Walker. He, true to his pen name, was a lone traveler in the vale of life. A man of considerable genius and sincerity, he looked at the human scene with strange eyes. In an age of romanticism, he did not hesitate to write about the brutal truth and the stark realities of life with a penetrating pen. His works were at first unpopular in the age of Koyo—the Maple Leaves—when people liked gorgeous style and entertaining stories. With the advent of naturalism, however, came his days of recognition and triumph. In 1905 his "Collection of Short Stories" was received by the public with enthusiasm; and from that day on, his sovereignty was unchallenged. He rose at once to the summit of Mount Parnassus. But the days of glory did not last very long for him. The long years of poverty and hardship had undermined his health, and he died in 1907, a man of thirty-six.

Earlier in this article I wrote of a poet by the name of Toson who in 1898 introduced a new form of poetry into Japanese literature. After a silence of about six years he came back into the scene, this time as a novelist. In 1906 he published a long novel called Hakai, or The Breaking of the Pledge. As was the case with his first poems, this story created a sensation in the literary world. It was a naturalistic novel in which the author exposed to the world a painful side of Japanese life, the existence of a social injustice demanding a remedy. It was not only realistic; it was beautifully written. In 1908, he wrote "The Spring," and in 1910 he published "The House," and firmly established his place in Japanese letters. A critic caled him the Turgenev of Japan. At all events, he resembles the Russian novelist in the sense that he combines in himself the sensibilities of the poet and the analytical powers of the realist.

Naturalism was on the ebb in 1909 and was dead in 1912, when a new tide of fresh idealism set in; but there was a curious feature which should not escape our attention, i. e., that in the latter days of naturalism there was an independent current running alongside the main stream. Through these days there was one great writer and thinker whom the surging tide of realism could not submerge. It was Soseki Natsume, the George Meredith of Japan. At some future time I hope to write of him and of later developments in Japanese literature.

* For the review of Mr. Tsurumi's book, "The Mother," see page 537.

NAPOLEON

By F. M. KIRCHEISEN

People to whom Kircheisen's name is unknown may ask how he has been able to write a biography of Naopleon which immediately takes first rank. The answer is that Kircheisen has literally spent a lifetime in the study and that the present book is a distillation of his larger work in nine volumes which students everywhere regard as the greatest work of its kind.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

UNTERMEYER'S NEW ANTHOLOGY

AGAIN I find myself with a good many small volumes of verse on the shelf as well as some more notable books of poetry. But they are too many to try to assort them all in this instalment. Apparently the general depression has had little effect on the publication of poetry in this country, to judge from the number of books that keep coming from the presses, though those from the better known publishing houses were probably contracted for before business declined. Louis Untermeyer's latest book of his own poetry, *Food and Drink*, published by Harcourt, will be reviewed by another hand in this periodical, but his latest anthology, *The Book of Living Verse*, from the same firm, ranges through the whole corpus of poetry in the English tongue, it may be said here, and in most respects satisfies one's taste. Nor is it a mere rehash of other anthologizing, though naturally many well-known poems are here, since the object of the book has been to select those particular creations which Time most certainly may be looked upon to spare from oblivion. The last section brings us to the "Beginning of the Twentieth Century—Romantic Realism," and here, as is natural, the guessing is more involved with difficulties. But even where one demurs at certain choices they are always interesting and bring with them certain credentials. Mr. Untermeyer's space was limited, and he has wisely set a list of longer poems at the end which the size of the volume made it impossible to include. He has established himself as probably the best anthologist of poetry that we have in America today. His introductions to the different sections are necessarily curtailed, but they are suggestive.

KREYMBORG AS JESTER

Alfred Kreymborg's *The Little World* (Coward-McCann) seems rather, to me, a book of rhymes and attempted epigrams than of poetry. Sometimes Mr. Kreymborg's remarks have point and wit, sometimes they fall flat. Since 1914 he has now and then wandered a good bit of Europe, and he makes pithy remarks concerning almost everything that has been going on in the world, as though he were jester at the highest court, preserving the proper function of a court jester, which was always to wrap some rather acute observation in what seemed at first sight mere doggerel. This is by no means his best book, considered as verse, but it is the expression of a lively intelligence, and he has the faculty of displaying a great deal of common sense in a droll attitude.

TAGORE AND GEOFFRY SCOTT

I seem to be constitutionally incapable of truly appreciating the poetry of the famous Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore. It is now some years since I first read him. *Sheaves* (Macmillan), selected and translated from Tagore by Nagendranath Gupta, is, with a few exceptions, composed of poems and songs that have not yet appeared in translation. The medium adopted in the translation is *vers-libre*. The translator's preface concerning Tagore the man and poet is enlightening. He has had great influence in his own land, and his work has now been widely sold and read all over the world. I feel that for myself I should have to be able to read him in the original to get his proper flavor and to appreciate the satisfactory blending of content with form that he must command. The late Geoffrey Scott left among his literary remains a few *Poems* that are now issued by the Oxford University Press. Four appeared in *The Chap Book* of 1926, and Scott was working on his poetry at the end of the summer of 1929 within a few weeks of his death. The author of "Zélide," and the remarkable editor of the Boswell papers, was no superlative poet, but all he wrote had individuality, like his phrase, "Day-fall's gay flare and fiery flying kiss." I would select "In the Red Moon" to quote, but the following is shorter:

A PRIVATE TREE

I have admired in nights of sound,
When skies ran tatter overhead,
To hear an elm-tree brought to ground
Or grind its boughs in dread;

But there's a poplar at my door,
A frail and hesitating shade,
With half a breath can move me more.
More powerfully persuade.

And I have stared on a sky of gold
At fleecy ships that, one by one,
With hopes of mine in every hold,
Sailed to the dipping sun;

But the dark pomp he left behind,—
The promise of a mournful king,—
Was questioned by a soundless wind
And aspens answering.

LEWIN AND ROBIN FLOWER

Everest Lewin, whose *Poems* are published in England by Elkin Mathews and Marrot, has had many poems in J. C. Squire's *London Mercury*, and his present book is a full one, showing considerable facility in the traditional manner. But somehow his poems slip off the mind; he lacks intensity of feeling and a sufficiently keen edge to his verse. His work seems a series of exercises, things done with ease, often with melodiousness, never with that salience of epithet and evocative phrase that one searches for. Robin Flower has more of magic, by a long way, in his *Poems and Translations*. He is Irish, famous Deputy Keeper of MSS. in the British Museum where he compiled the Catalogue of the Irish MSS. "which," say his publishers, "would have taken another man's lifetime." This eminent scholar has, despite what one might think to be the dry-as-dust nature of his calling, written poems and translations through the last twenty years that often assume exceeding freshness to the eye and wit. His "Pangur Ban," again come to light, turns out to be an old favorite of mine. He honors the bards of the ancient Gael and himself in his various and delightful verses that range from mere drolleries to true poems of haunting beauty. The following seems to me a striking intaglio:

SKETCH FOR A PICTURE

Incredulous Endymion leans above
All that moon-beauty flushed with sudden love,
Amorously to his young embraces yielded,
But the shamed eyes with one crookt white arm shielded.

A PROMISING NEW POET

Gamel Woolsey's *Middle Earth* (Simon & Schuster, Inc.) introduces a young American poetess first published in England. Some years ago a charming poem came in to this perodical entitled "Gay Street" and signed Gamel Woolsey. Whenever I pass by that particular corner of what is probably the shortest street in Greenwich Village, the poem is recalled to me. It is one of the least, as a matter of fact, of the poet's efforts, for her book as a whole reveals not only magic of fairy-story, but in the other-century and astonishly frank love poems a fervid beauty that is as wine to the watered stuff one finds in average verse. This poet is still able to press bright color out of old legend, to make her white unicorns, her dream-foxes, and even her much-sung Roland and Charlemagne refreshingly real. But despite her preoccupation with the dreams that the books of her childhood gave her, she is vividly an accepter of life on earth. The lyrical cry in "Testament," the reality of its feeling, makes it truly moving. Miss Woolsey has a genuinely fine gift for fantasy into which she weaves strong symbolism. And in "The House of Saturn" she commands splendor:

He set a dagger in my heart,
Rich with four tears, jewels rare,
He gave me his black horse to mount,
And black and purple robes to wear.

I ride with him to his strange wars,
I press beside his bridle rein;
And he asks only this of me:
To be desirous of pain.

His dark lance shines along my path,
His steely glare is dread to see;
And I ride in the ranks of wrath,
And there are none to rebel with me.

Yet one feels, even so, that her greatest originality is in certain turns of the first and longest poem, "All that the child remembers now," and in such love poems as "The Flowering Bed," "For the Flesh," and the beautiful, echoing "Epithalamium" at the end of the book, though her poem "Koschei the Deathless" shows also how disembodied her song can be. It seems to me that there is the emergence here of a genuine new talent.

ENCHANTED WOODS

Another unconventional invitation to the same unconventional readers who in an earlier issue of the Saturday Review of Literature were lured by wanton gypsy phrases to follow the languid course of Dreamy Rivers.

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Call him a modern Laurence Sterne or a modern George Borrow—it matters not. Henry Baerlein is chiefly Henry Baerlein. He roams as the wind listeth, as the woods call. All he asks of a destination is that the man be convivial and the women lovely. He is an expert, in fact, at invading a village to verify the reputed loveliness of her women. To him the most exquisite experience is meeting someone who assists you to discover what you did not know was in you.

Enchanted Woods, then, is the book which THE INNER SANCTUM OF SIMON AND SCHUSTER is reserving in first-edition copies for the first four hundred and eighty six dreamers of dreams who will be bold enough to accept this uninhibited invitation. They are invited to send their forest-blown orders, with $2.50 in coin of the realm, to their own favorite gypsy bookseller, or, if he be roaming along *Dreamy Rivers* or through *Enchanted Woods*, directly to the publishers, who, when these lines appear, will still be found, alack-aday, on the seventh floor of a building of steel and masonry at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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Points of View

Book Selling

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The problem of present day book selling is one in which I am much concerned, as all book lovers must be, and I am glad to see the *Saturday Review* sending out such a suggestive questionnaire. I have answered mine and am enclosing it but wish also to take this opportunity to express my opinion more fully along a certain line.

For a number of years I have selected practically all the books bought for a neighboring town's public library, and my difficulties in buying the right fiction seem to have been very much the same as the general problem of the individual's purchase of fiction. In considering your questionnaire, and in comparing my answers with those of friends, I find that it is in *fiction* that we have drawn back and are buying less. This, I truly believe, is not because there are fewer good novels on the market but because there are more undesirable, over-analytical, and dull (except, perhaps, to the exceptional reader) novels published, and often neither reviews nor publishers' "blurbs" are enough help in choosing between them.

Both for my own interest and to help me buy library books intelligently, I read with care and regularly, *The Saturday Review,* The N. Y. *Times Book Review* section, and the *Bookman,* also frequently the *Retail Bookseller* and, of course, publishers' catalogues and notices. With the non-fiction it is not difficult to decide which books we want before we buy them—and we are not afraid to buy. But when it comes to fiction, in spite of care and conscientiousness, we are constantly spending money for books we do not want in the library and missing some of the really fine things that are not shouted over in the press. The book clubs are worse than useless; we joined a couple of them at first, thinking that would keep the library up to date in a few at least of the really worth while books. What we got was almost always the bizarre, the unusual, the book that would perhaps please the tired book reviewer—but nothing to give the rank and file of our readers. Reviews of fiction, while discussing style and character, often fail to answer the simple questions we want to know most about a book before buying it. Sometimes even the much despised publishers' notices (taken with a properly large pinch of salt) convey more definitely the information we are after.

When people (like myself, and they must be legion!) living in small cities or country towns where books cannot be ordered "on approval" in unlimited quantities, wish to buy new books either for themselves or for a library, they are completely dependent on reviews and notices, and it seems to me they want to know the answers to the following questions before purchasing:

(1) What is the story about? What sort of people? What kind of plot?

(2) Has the author told his story so that it rings true?—to the imagination, not necessarily to life.

(3) Is the atmosphere of the story normal, wholesome, clean, and fine? (The neurotic, over-sophisticated, or un-moral book has its place, of course, when it is sufficiently clever, on the shelves of those with a caviar taste, but the rank and file reader does not understand or like it. And you've no idea how hard it is to learn this fact about a novel from reviews or notices! Didn't we get Van Vechten's "Blind Bow Boy"—and "Eric Dorn" some years ago—and more recently "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg"—without anybody's realizing they were n. f. m. (*nicht für ministers*) as we say in the library.

(4) And finally, is the novel we are contemplating happy or tragic? (We want both, of course, but there is such a call for happy, pleasant tales that offer escape from life rather than more of its problems and dark realities. Are there *really* so few worth while books to answer this call?)

How much all this touches the intricacies of the present book selling depression I do not know, but of this I feel sure:—your ordinary, every-day reading folk will buy more fiction both for their homes and for their town libraries if they can be guided to more stories that are sure to be clean and simple, wholesome and true, with the interest and the emotional grip that belongs to lives lived with strong purpose and high idealism.

May the New Year bring *The Saturday Review* added success and many more readers as interested and enthusiastic about it as we are in the library.

ELEANORE M. JEWETT.

P. S.—As an example of something really fine and not particularly "shouted over" by the press, may I mention "All Passion Spent" (Sackville-West) which I nearly missed, and which I find young lads reading with as keen an appreciation as older folk!

There Is a Reason

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a recent editorial you remark on the lack of humor and courage in the most-admired literature of these times. Well, Sir, there is a reason. Authors write what it is their nature to write, but they achieve recognition as art authors only if what they write suits the majority opinion of their world; and that opinion has lately been, and still is, contemptuous of humor and courage.

Take an instance from the theater. Mr. Eugene O'Neill is regarded by virtually everybody whose opinion matters as our great playwright; and more than that, as our great intellectual playwright. With all allowance for his high technical skill, I think he owes this distinction chiefly to these two things: he writes plays that last six hours and cost six dollars (till the January reduction sales), and he is always solemn.

Nobody that I know of has ever suggested that George Kaufman is our great intellectual playwright. He has more ideas, and to my notion sounder ideas, than O'Neill ever dreamed of; but he can say what he has to say in three hours, and the only reason his plays cost six dollars is that you can't get seats at the box office. And while he is putting over his ideas he makes you laugh; thereby forfeiting the respect of the solid persons who feel that if you enjoy it, it can't be Art.

The American people at large—the Babbitts, if you like—have done a good deal of growing up in the last three years. In politics and economics a man is no longer accepted as a great intellect merely because he looks solemn and is well ballyhooed. But most of the intellectuals still linger in the innocence of the pre-Hoover epoch, when all things were what they seemed. ELMER DAVIS.

New York.

Wordsworth Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

With the full consent and encouragement of the families concerned I am preparing for publication the correspondence between William Wordsworth and Henry Reed. May I appeal to your readers to aid me in discovering the whereabouts of two of the letters from Wordsworth to Reed, dated London, August 19, 1837, and Rydal Mount, February 22, 1839; of any letters from Reed to Wordsworth; also of any letters from Mary Wordsworth to Reed between 1850 and 1854? It is my desire to obtain in a manner satisfactory and agreeable to the owners exact copies of these letters.

LESLIE N. BROUGHTON.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Lewis's Glossary

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Under the title of Mistranslation, Erich A. Walter wrote of the glossary at the end of the English edition of Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt." Mr. Lewis ordered this glossary removed several years ago, although when I was at work on Lewis's Bibliography which Doubleday, Doran are to issue soon I found that the glossary had remained, and can be found in the recent Nobel Prize English edition, Cape; London (1931).

In compiling the Lewis book I found many amusing items; one, "Irvin Cobb, His Book," issued for a dinner in Cobb's honor. This contains a lead article on Cobb written for the event by Lewis, but Lewis tells me that he was not invited to attend.

New York City. HARVEY TAYLOR.

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The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

FRANK HARRIS: A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE. By A. I. TOBIN AND E. GERTZ. An "Authorized Biography." Chicago: Madelaine Mendelsohn. 1931.

What estimate a future generation will make of the life and work of Frank Harris depends, in a measure, on what his own generation thought of him both as a man of action and a man of letters. Harris did his best to provide his contepmoraries with abundant material which should enable them to arrive at a passionate as well as a dispassionate judgment of himself in both these exercises of his impressive genius and still more impressive personality. This material is amply and well set forth in this "study" of him by Dr. Tobin and Mr. Gertz, who are to be highly complimented on their accomplished work. They have extenuated but little and they have set down naught in malice. The facts of Harris's life, as set forth by them, are carefully documented—a task of no small difficulty—and the judgments passed on his life and writings are ably expressed and honestly maintained.

For the events of Harris's career this study may well be accepted as a "source book," by a future biographer of one of the most unconventional and reckless actors on the stage of life.

We have no doubt about posterity's acceptance of Harris's writings even to the length of the terms expressed in this "authorized" biography, but we have a grave doubt of the acceptance of Harris's life in the judgment here pronounced; "He transgressed all the inflexible rules of the righteous; judged by all standards he sinned. He wronged friends, betrayed everyone, and violated every decency. And yet he was one of the noblest men of his day."

"Virtue," continue the biographers, by way of justifying this last statement, "is not the absence of sin; it is the positive doing of good, and Frank Harris has been a benefactor of mankind. By his writings he has elevated and inspired men and women of every land; his life, too, holds in it the dynamic qualities of existence."

True, and the world will very willingly, it is to be hoped, count it to him for righteousness that Frank Harris gave it his writings. But surely, the "dynamic qualities of existence" call for high direction in a personal life, before the world can accept that life as "one of the noblest men of his day."

A DOCTOR OF THE 1870'S AND 80'S. By *William Allen Pusey*. Springfield, Ill.: Thomas. $3.

THE CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. By *Ruth Eloish Mantz*. Long & Smith. $6.

FRIEDRICH LISZT. By *William Notz*. Berlin: Hobbing.

ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT. By *Laura A. White*. Century. $5.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. By *Edward H. Cotton*. Beacon Press. $1.50.

STENDHAL, THE ROMANTIC RATIONALIST. By *William H. Fineshriber, Jr.* Princeton University Press. $1.50.

JOSEPH LEWIS—ENEMY OF GOD. By *Arthur H. Howland*. Stratford. $2.

PHILENIA: LIFE AND WORKS OF SARAH WENTWORTH MORTON. By *Emily Pendleton* and *Milton Ellis*. Orono, Me.: University Press. $1.

Fiction

MAJOR GRANT. By CAROLA OMAN. Holt. 1932. $2.50.

On its jacket this book is described as "a novel of the Peninsular Wars" but there are no battles in it and less than a third of its action takes place in Spain. The hero, an officer in the British intelligence service, is captured, at the beginning of the campaign of 1812, behind the French lines, and sent by Marshall Marmont to France under guard. At Bayonne he escapes, makes his way to Paris in disguise, and after observing the preparations there for the invasion of Russia finally succeeds in reaching a British ship of war on blockade duty off the coast of Brittany. The incidents of his frequently perilous journey, the observations that he makes upon the way, compose the body of the book.

Major Grant is a matter-of-fact person going about what is to him no more than an ordinary job of work, he takes his dangerous adventures in a matter-of-fact spirit, and in a manner equally matter-of-fact they are related. This is the same restrained commonplace realism that Defoe liked to apply to stories of historical adventure. Like Defoe's work it suggests that some actual memoir of the period may have been the basis of the tale. There is no romance, no glamour, nothing of the impossible and successful daring, the outrageous high spirits that makes d'Artagnan and Scaramouche akin. But the achievement of the correct atmosphere, the impression of perfect fidelity of detail, the brilliant little thumbnail sketches of historical personages, real and imaginary—these are altogether admirable. Carola Oman Lenanton is not the daughter of a distinguished historian for nothing.

THE PRICE OF LIFE. By VLADIMIR LIDIN. Translated by HELEN CHROUSCHOFF MATHESON. Harpers. 1932. $2.

Vladimir Lidin's novel about a country boy in Moscow, the struggles of a young university student to adjust himself in the new Soviet life, is interesting for two things apart from the intrinsic qualities of its sympathetically told story. It suggests a good deal more than some of the recent Russian novels have suggested how much "bourgeois scum," as they say in Russia, still persists even among the younger generation, and it reveals a novelist of this generation following closely, both in style and in point of view, those of pre-revolutionary days.

Kiril, in the story, is a nice young fellow, who comes up to the capital with a bundle of schoolboy poems and about as definite a notion of what he wants to do with his life as most young Americans have when they go to college. He goes to some studio teas and literary parties, not vastly different from the Greenwich Village variety, makes a brief flutter with his unspoiled freshness, has his first serious effort at professional writing rejected, and decides that he wasn't cut out to be a great poet. For a time, he flirts with the films, appears as a supernumerary in several productions, but makes no more of a hit with that.

Meanwhile a hard-boiled and unscrupulous classmate, who believes in getting hold of "big" money and having a good time, no matter how, introduces him to "life" in various forms, finally involving him in a burglary which ends in murder. The classmate is all for flight to some distant land and blowing their money in as long as it lasts, and in his first panic, Kiril does run away. Once in the extreme south of Russia, however, on the edge of escape, Kiril's conscience gets the better of him. Communing with his soul and wrestling with the devil in quite the Dostoievskyan manner, the young man decides that whatever Sverbeev may do, the only thing for him, Bessonov, is to go back, confess, and face the music. And so we leave him, serene, washed clean, ready for his fate.

There are no futuristic or other queernesses in the telling of this simple little morality, no special accent on the peculiar values and prejudices of the communistic order. The half-baked literati and flashy film folk could easily be duplicated in our own fair land and the unscrupulous Sverbeev might easily be a potentially successful New York racketeer. By implication, by his constant underlying approval of the gospel of hard work and clean living, the author takes his stand with his revolutionary generation, but it would be no impossible task to shift "The Price of Life" from Moscow to New York and have its hero come from Kansas instead of the Russian provinces. The story goes to prove what doubtless will become increasingly apparent as the years go on, that Russians are still Russians, and Bolsheviks also people.

THE PURITAN. By LIAM O'FLAHERTY. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. $2.50.

This is the story of a fanatic, a maniac by the end of the book, who makes what he calls a sacrifice of blood to purify public morals, but who actually, like so many of his kind, commits murder to satisfy lust. A religious enthusiast as well, he loses faith in the church when he finds her unwilling through her ministers to approve his attempts to cleanse the city of Dublin. Peace comes to him only through insanity; nevertheless the author

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

shows this tortured soul able in the end to analyze his own motives truly, the maniac apparently judging with the same clarity that the normal reader assumes himself to have. These complexities of the man's psychology, and the combination, strange to this American public at least, of fervent Catholicism with that urge to dictate other people's actions belonging proverbially to the Protestant sects—result in a blurred portrayal of the main figure, and weaken the force of what otherwise might be a powerful novel.

Essentially a study of personality, "The Puritan" yet contains many elements of suspense, of dramatic interest, which the reader is disappointed not to have realized. One sees the murder committed in the first chapter, and then sits back to watch the criminal go mad. The picture of Dublin, the description of its figures, and explanations of the characteristics of the social classes that have formed since the Revolution, is most illuminating. Frequently O'Flaherty asks one to stand by while he explains, and the story pauses for his generous asides. Yet this background, with all its grime and gloom and sordidness, is perhaps the most satisfactory part of the novel.

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN. By *Henry Bellamann.* Century. $2.
FREE LADY. By *Cecil Strange.* Covici-Friede. $2.
GIRL ON THE MAKE. By *Achmed Abdullah* and *Faith Baldwin.* Long & Smith. $2.
WINTER RANGE. By *Alan Le May.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.
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FOR WOMEN ONLY. By *J. J. Markey.* Macaulay. $2.
A STRONG MAN NEEDED. By *Maurice Richardson.* $2.
THE TIME MACHINE. By *H. G. Wells.* Illustrated by *W. A. Dwiggins.* Random House.
CLEVER COUNTRY. By *Caroline Gardner.* Revell. $1.50.
TOP STORY MURDER. By *Anthony Berkeley.* Crime Club. $2.
THE ROAD TO MARRAKESH. By *George Goodchild.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.
SHERIFF KILLER. By *Dane Coolidge.* Dutton. $2.
PACK MULE. By *Ursula Bloom.* Dutton. $2.
CITY GIRL. By *Eunice Chapin.* Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $2.
A PATH TO PARADISE. By *Coningsby Dawson.* Knopf.
FLOOD TIDES. By *Louis Cochran.* Boston: Humphries. $2.50.
ALL IN LOVE. By *Dorothy Frooks.* Macaulay. $2.
THE SILVER BRIDE. By *Ethel M. Dell.* Putnam. $2.
THE NEW CRUSADE. By *Anthony Gibbs.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.
ONE WOMAN'S FREEDOM. By *Helen Zenna Smith.* Longmans, Green. $2.
THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE. By *W. Y. Elliott.* Whittlesey House. $5.
THE COPPER MASK. By *Hugh Wiley.* Knopf. $2.50.
NORTHING VENTURE. By *Patricia Wentworth.* Lippincott. $2.
TALES FROM HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Edited by *Monica M. Gardner.* Everyman's Library. Dutton.
ROOKWOOD. By *W. Harrison Ainsworth.* Everyman's Library. Dutton.
SALAMMBO. By *Gustave Flaubert.* Translated by *J. S. Chartres.* Everyman's Library. Dutton.
HOSPITAL. By *Rhoda Truax.* Dutton. $2.50.
THE BRONTES WENT TO WOOLWORTH'S. By *Rachel Ferguson.* Dutton. $2.50.
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A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By *Charles Dickens.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.
WEEK-END MARRIAGE. By *Faith Baldwin.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

Foreign

HEILIGE EWIGKEIT. By *Rudolf Maria Holzapfel.* Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.
ZEIT UND EWIGKEIT. By *Hans Rhyn.* Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.
NEUES DEUTSCHES LIEDERBUCH. By *B. J. Morgan, Max Griebsch,* and *A. R. Hohlfeld.* Heath. $1.50.

History

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ITALY. By SIR J. A. R. MARRIOT. Oxford University Press. 1931. $3.50.

When J. A. R. Marriot's lectures on the makers of modern Italy were first published in 1889 they dealt mainly with three men: Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour and for generations of English and American college students, and for their teachers as well, the title thus bestowed upon them seemed to belong of right to those three heroes of the Risorgimento. The title page of the revised edition now put forth, "substantially a new book," its author tells us, bears two names: "Napoleon—Mussolini." Well, it is the duty of a historian to face the facts and modern Italy, after all, turns out to be more in the image of the Corsican adventurer who once conquered her, than in that of the poets and patriots who dreamed of setting her free. Certainly Napoleon's is the only name which Signor Mussolini would willingly see recalled with his own, and if Il Duce is not the maker of contemporary Italy, who is?

This new book is practically a short political history of Italy from 1789 to 1929. Of its two hundred and twenty-two small pages, the first thirty-six carry the story to 1815, the last sixty-eight survey events since 1870. Necessarily there is nothing here particularly surprising either in fact or in interpretation. But Sir J. A. R. Marriot retains his powers of lucid, rapid exposition and the general reader will find the summary of Italian foreign affairs from 1887 to 1914, and the chapter on the Lateran Treaty, particularly useful. The short chapter on the rise to power of Il Duce is less cautious than many students would deem advisable in its unguarded acceptance of the claim that Fascism saved Italy from anarchy. On the whole the author's liberal enthusiasms have cooled in forty years. He may not really feel that it is less important that a people be free, than that the trains run on time, but he accepts the Fascist régime with remarkably little criticism. Perhaps this is a sounder book than those almost classic lectures from which it is made, certainly it is a more comprehensive one and will be of more use, for a while, to students, but it is inevitably less moving and less eloquent.

RUSSIA. By HANS VON ECKARDT. Translated by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. Knopf. 1932. $7.50.

There are almost seven hundred pages in Professor von Eckhardt's book, and they are high and wide and broken by comparatively few paragraphs. This Heidelberg doctor of philosophy, born in Riga, once a statistician for a Russian zemstvo, a soldier with the German army, and later editor of the economic paper, *Der Wirtschaftsdient* starts in at the beginning and builds his disquisition solidly, in thoroughgoing German fashion.

There are eight chapters on Russian origins, beginning with the Norse invasions and the adoption of Greek Christianity and proceeding down through Genghis Khan and the Mongol domination, the struggle with the Hanseatic League, Ivan the Terrible, colonization in Siberia and elsewhere, to Peter the Great and the rise of Russia to a great European power. Eight more chapters are devoted to the Decembrists and the beginnings of middle class culture. Then we attack the nineteenth century and Pan-Slav imperialism, and proceed to internal politics and the social revolution which brought about the abolition of serfdom and the political prisoners of the decades immediately preceding the great war.

With page 254, the author begins with the internal results of the Russo-Japanese war and Stolypin's agrarian reforms and the revolution of 1905, and arrives, on page 302, at the subject of the Great War itself. The next four hundred pages discuss Russia's gradual collapse, the two revolutions, and then trace the story of the Soviet Government down to the present day.

A work which endeavors to cover so vast an area, both of historical change and of controversial matter, still, like nearly everything in present-day Russia, in a state of constant flux, must, in the nature of things, partake more or less of the literary prize-package, of those compendiums of popular knowledge which aim to give the gist of modern science, ancient art, marriage customs throughout the ages, or what not, in a nice readable volume.

Professor von Eckhardt's monumental tome is of this nature, although it cannot be described as particularly readable, nor is his manner in any wise light. His is at least the merit of a sound acquaintance with the academic fundamentals of his subject. He writes soberly and without the heat of prejudice. His general impression—that Russia, despite the waste and violence of the Revolution, and regardless of the slogans of the moment, is by way of more fully realizing its destiny and becoming an integral part of the western world—has much to commend it. And there is, of course, a certain convenience, in having so many of the contributing elements to the contemporary picture easily at hand in one volume.

THE WONDERS OF THE LITTLE WORLD. By *Nathaniel Wanley.* Edited by *J. Fumas.* Ithaca, N. Y.: Dragon Press.
CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN ENGLAND. By *Pendleton Howard.* Macmillan. $3.
THE MIND AND ITS BODY. By *Charles Fox.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
LES CITATIONS FRANÇAISES. By *O. Gueslac.* Paris: Colin.
VANITY FAIR'S BRIDGE PROBLEMS. By *R. F. Foster.* Liveright. $2.
CHRISTKINDLEINS WIEGENLIED. By *H. H. Richardson.* London: Ulysses Press (New York: David Schwartz, 162 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica).
BENSBOOK. By *Benjamin Musser.* Oglethorpe University Press. $2.
PRISONERS UNDER THE SUN. By *Norbert Bauer.* Stokes. $2.
ROOMS OF MYSTERY. By *Elliott O'Donnell.* Stokes. $2.50.
THE HUMAN BODY. By *Logan Clendening. M.D.* Garden City Publishing Co. $1.
PATHWAYS TO PRINT. By *Harry Franklin Harrington* and *Lawrence Martin Van Nostrand.*
HISTORIC FARMS OF SOUTH AFRICA. By *Dorothea Fairbridge.* Oxford University Press. $12.
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COURTS AND DOCTORS. By *Lloyd Paul Stryker.* Macmillan. $2.
THE RHETORIC OF ARISTOTLE. Translated by *Lane Cooper.* Appleton. $3.
THE USE OF THE SELF. By *F. Matthias Alexander.* Dutton. $2.
PSYCHOLOGY AT WORK. Edited by *Paul S. Achilles.* McGraw-Hill. $2.50.
OUR DEFENSES WITHIN AND WITHOUT. By *Phelps Phelps.* New York: Powers.
THE SOCIAL UNIVERSE. By *Arthur Wallace Calhoun.* Vanguard. $1.75.
ZEPPELINS OVER ENGLAND. By *Von Buttlar Brandenfels.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A GEORGIA CHAIN GANG. By *Robert E. Burns.* Vanguard. $2.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

HERE is a request that must be given in full. Anyone whose daughters actually contend for the privilege of carrying a Bible should have all the help he needs. I will forward letters or addresses to the writer. D. H. B., Mississippi, writes:

> Can you suggest a book dealer through whom I could probably buy mid-nineteenth century Bibles? I have in mind gold-tooled, repoussé, Morocco binding in duodecimo or small octavo.
>
> I have one of this type that descended to me, printed by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., "Successors to Grigg, Elliott & Co.," Philadelphia, 1850. My three young daughters go to Sunday School (we are still Victorian in some respectable ways in the South); and there is some lack of Sabbath decorum in the contention I must hear every Sunday morning as to who will have this Bible. I want a Bible of this type for each of them. They should not be hard to find if one knew where to look; for there were many sold in those days. And yet, they may have been worn out; for they were used.

Here is the third instalment of books about the British Isles—the other two made their appearance simultaneously in these columns—for which the inquiry of L. H. C., Staunton, Va., represents, as the others did, a number of other inquirers: "I want some good books for reading before going to England and the best guide to take along. Once you recommended a railroad guide as particularly good; can it be obtained here?"

YES, it can, from the New York office of the London Northeastern Railway, 11 West 42nd Street; it is "Enjoying England," by B. L. and I don't see why the fact that she is my daughter should stop me from saying that it is the best brief introduction to its subject that I have read. I was taken along on some of the many journeys on which it is based, so I can vouch for the care with which it was made. Moreover, it has just been strongly recommended to me by a returned traveller who had followed its track with such good results that she said I ought to know about it. Better send ten cents for mailing, though it is probably at the various branch offices of the railway for distribution.

For an actual hand-carried guidebook, take the Blue Guide published by Macmillan, "England"—there is a special one for London. Many of us take also Clara Laughlin's "So You're Going to England" (Houghton Mifflin). Also there is much meat in Thomas Burke's enticing "The English Inn" (Longmans, Green), "As It Is in England," by A. S. Osborne (McBride), will save much waste of energy, and if you are interested in home-ties, use "American Shrines on English Soil," by J. F. Muirhead (Macmillan). I have used M. V. Hughes's "About England" (Morrow) again and again, and have started out more than one inquirer upon a successful tour by using information in the same author's "America's England" (Morrow), which is really one of the best introductory guide-books, a combination of travel and social history, that one could have. Her "London at Home" (Morrow) will be in my list of London books now on the fire.

Cornelia Stratton Parker's "English Summer" (Liveright) tells of her journey with a young daughter in a small car through the sort of happy adventure that always attends journeys of this sort—especially if this inspired traveller takes them. "The Penn Country," by R. M. Robinson (Dodd, Mead), has the lovely drawings of Charles Bathurst; this is a district rich in beauty and quite soaked in association, literary and historical, that have to do with us or with people in whom we are especially interested, and these pictures have the precise atmospheric quality, soft and gracious. "The Open Road in England," by John Prioleau (Morrow), is an excellent motor guide by a well-known newspaper authority on this type of travel "Here Is England," by Marion Balderston (McBride), is for motor use but could be used for pedestrian guidance. "The Road to France," by Gordon Maxwell (Dutton), is about the route from London to Dover along "Watling Street." There is a new edition of a favorite travel book by Katherine Lee Bates, "From Gretna Green to Land's End" (Crowell), and Dodd, Mead publishes the beautiful "Pilgrim Shrines of England," by B. C. Boulter. A good book, not only for a patriotic traveller but for arranging celebrations in schools and the like, is Anne Wharton's "English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans" (Lippincott).

It is often interesting and sometimes enlightening to look at a country through the eyes of a countryman of some other land. André Siegfried had something searching to say just before the explosion, in "England's Crisis" (Harcourt, Brace), something like his earlier book about us, "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace). "John Bull at Home" is by Karl Silex (Harcourt, Brace); he is correspondent of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and writes to help his countrymen get a practical notion of life in London and elsewhere on the island; it is full of bits of information, especially on living conditions, that would interest anyone meaning to settle in London for some time. "England the Unknown Isle" (Dutton) is by Cohen-Portheim, who has just caught the hearts of readers on both sides of the ocean with his recard of interned existence in a camp of aliens during the war, "Time Stood Still"; he is an Austrian artist and scene-painter. "The English: Are They Human?" is by Gustaaf Reniers, a Dutchman (Cape-Smith); it is what you might expect from the title, witty and setting a reader instinctively on the defensive. I like better the satire of the English on themselves, as in Douglas Woodruff's "Plato's Britannia" (Putnam), which will appeal to those who felt the prick of his "Plato's American Republic."

"In England To-day," by Lionel Johnson (Dent); "Little-Known England," by H. D. Eberlein (Lippincott), a large and much illustrated book; Hilaire Belloc's "The Hills and the Sea" (Dutton); H. F. Mais's "See England First" (Barse) which has twelve of the exquisite photographs by the Wards, with which the *Morning Post* has so often brightened its picture-pages; "The Call of England" and "In Search of England," both by H. V. Morton, a traveller with the trick of making you want to go (McBride); all these are worth owning. The "Little Guides" published by McBride, the "Mediæval Towns" series of Dutton, the "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan) and the "Things Seen" series (Dutton) should be kept in mind for special cities or localities, and a list of each from the publisher would be a good thing to have on hand.

E. W., Minneapolis, Minn., asks if there has been a recent translation of Rodô's "Ariel." "Ariel," by the poet philosopher Jose Enriquez Rodô of Uruguay, was translated by F. S. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale") and published by Houghton Mifflin in 1922; it is still in print. The recent appearance of its name in book-lists was probably due to the publication of a newly edited Spanish text of "Ariel" edited with introduction and notes by Wm. F. Rice (University of Chicago). Rodô's "Motives of Proteus" is published by Brentano.

N. B. M., University, Va., asks for a book that will explain the various processes of reproducing used in illustrations, posters, or other form of color-printing and photo-engraving. My own handbook for this subject is Greer's "Advertising and Its Mechanical Production" (Crowell) but as one must take along with it, in the course of a large and much-illustrated volume, something about all sides of the advertising profession, I asked Frank Weitenkampf, Curator of Prints at the New York Public Library and author of "How to Appreciate Prints" (Scribner), to suggest books given entirely to methods of reproducing drawings. He sends these: "Color and Its Application to Printing," by E. C. Andrews (Inland Printer, Chicago, 1911); "Manual of Reproductive Illustrating for Photo-engraving," by Lyn R. Schular (Author, Washington, D. C.); "Engraving and Printing Methods," by C. J. Hayes (International Textbook Co., Scranton); "The Process and Practice of Photo-engraving," by Harry A. Groesbeck (Doubleday, Doran, 1924).

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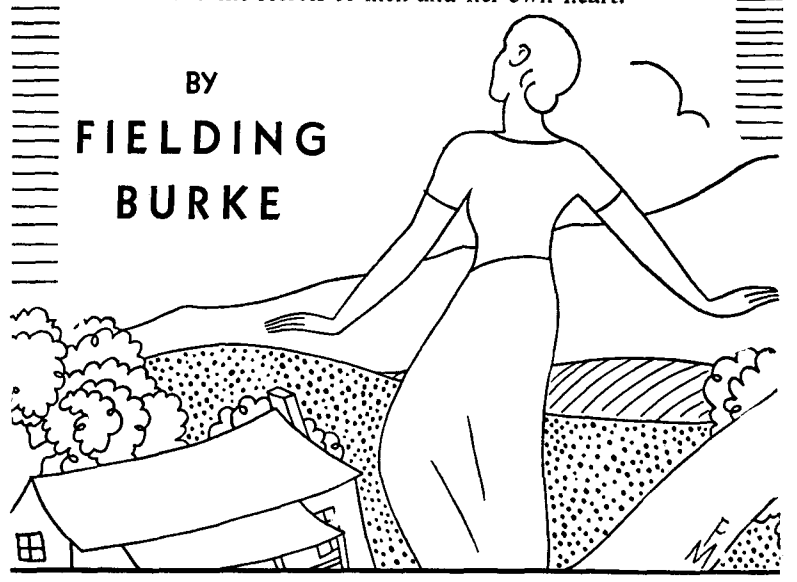

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ANNALS OF ALL TIMES

Ancient Civilization

EXCAVATIONS OF EUTRESIS IN BŒOTIA. By HETTY GOLDMAN. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by J. PENROSE HARLAND

EUTRESIS, a site near Thebes, was excavated for the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard by Dr. Goldman in four campaigns during the years 1924-1927. The Harvard Press and the author are to be congratulated on the publication of this work, with its excellent typography and reproductions and the scholarly presentation and interpretation of the evidence.

After an informative introduction and a chapter on "The Site and Its History," the author proceeds to describe, in four chapters respectively, "The Prehistoric Settlements," "The Prehistoric Pottery," the "Miscellaneous Finds," and the "Prehistoric Burials." The detailed descriptions are supplemented by many drawings, plans, and photographs, not to mention the splendid color plates. For the sake of clarity, "the architectural remains have been drawn on three separate superimposed sheets of transparent paper representing the three successive periods" of the Helladic Bronze Age. Furthermore, the author continually refers to parallels elsewhere, not only in Hellas, but in Serbia, Macedonia, Crete, and the Islands, Troy, and Asia-Minor, etc.—all of which enhances the value of this work.

Lack of space precludes the mentioning of many noteworthy finds and of several provocative statements and interesting theories. The Early Helladic crude brick column (the earliest unearthed in Greece), the clay bins and ovens, the similarity between Gray Minyan and the gray ware of Anau, are *inter alia* deserving of comment. The evidence from Eutresis also confirms the theory of the reviewer that 1400 B. C. should be taken as the dividing point between Middle and Late Helladic.

In chapter VI, Miss Goldman summarizes and interprets the evidence from prehistoric Eutresis. The first settlement at this site is represented by round hut-floors and types of Neolithic pottery. Next we find the successive settlements of the Early Helladic people, who apparently occupied the region by "peaceful infiltration." They introduced metal and settled down to an agricultural life, to judge by the remains of wheat, peas, and domesticated sheep. Their houses were usually of two rooms and flat-roofed. Some of the pottery from the lowest (earliest) levels points to relations with the Cyclades, while toward the end of this period Anatolian influence appears. The last Early Helladic settlement was destroyed by a fire, caused here as elsewhere by the invasion of the Middle Helladic people.

Characteristic of the Middle Helladic Period (ca. 2000-1400 B. C.) are houses with ridge roofs and Gray Minyan and Mattpainted pottery and their later developments, Yellow Minyan and Polychrome Mattpainted wares. The houses were smaller and less well constructed and contained fewer metal tools. The absence of religious objects and figurines points to a "spiritual poverty" also.

The typical Middle Helladic wares are followed directly by the gay, bright-patterned pottery of the Late Helladic (or "Mycenæan") Period, ca. 1400 B. C. This new period is also characterized by the appearance of terracotta figurines of deities and by a great fortification wall. In this last period of the Bronze Age, Eutresis may have been a dependency of Thebes, but still important by virtue of its position on the trade route between Thebes and the Gulf of Corinth. The site was abandoned at the end of the Bronze Age (in the twelfth century B. C.).

Eutresis was again inhabited from the sixth century on into Roman times, and the Byzantines left their traces. Though this site was famed for its oracular shrine of Apollo, the excavations yielded a disappointing "paucity of Greek remains": walls, figurines, miniature votive vases, etc. But on an adjacent hill, were found five inscriptions (one mentioning Eutresis), a fragmentary seated female statue, and a rather fine archaic "Apollo" of ca. 500 B. C.

It is small wonder if the reader remains in doubt as to Miss Goldman's special field of study, for she appears to be thoroughly at home, whether she is discussing "prehistorics," terracottas, sculpture, or inscriptions. Her work on Eutresis is a decidedly valuable contribution to the study of "Prehistoric Greece."

J. Penrose Harland is professor of Archæology at the University of North Carolina.

VENICE AND BONAPARTE. By GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931.

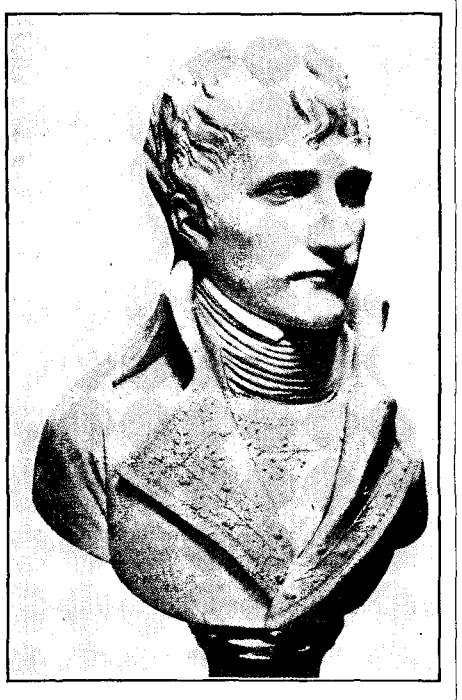
Reviewed by LEO GERSHOY
Long Island University

NAPOLEONIC scholars have written more than abundantly on the different aspects of the great warrior's romantic Odyssey from Corsica to Saint Helena. Whether to praise or to condemn him they have applied themselves with earnest devotion to correlate his particular acts with his general policy, to prove for better or worse the organic unity of Napoleon's policy of imperial conquest. No one may presume to minimize the worth of their exhaustive, at times exhausting, works, but so far as illuminating the history of the countries touched by the magic of Napoleon's wand, the great majority of them are monuments of conscientious futility.

Professor McClellan's monograph on the fall of the venerable but decadent Venetian republic is peculiarly valuable in that it envisages the relations of the Venetians and their conqueror from the point of view of the former, to whom, presumably, the tragic fall of their ancient government was of greater moment in itself than for its worth in illustrating the Corsican's policy towards Italy. Moreover, unlike the vast majority of writers on this subject, the author has gone to the sources in the Venetian archives, which he has used not only for his narrative of the death agony of Venice between 1796 and 1798, but also for his descriptive analysis of Venetian rule and Venetian life during the eigtheenth century.

The eight chapters of the section of his work which deals with the background of events satisfactorily fulfil the author's purpose of lifting "the fog of romance that has enveloped eighteenth century Venice." An exacting reader may complain that they lifted the romance along with the fog, but the information they yield is neatly arranged, carefully appraised, and sufficiently detailed to furnish material for much new romance or more prosaic understanding. Yet the reviewer was struck by the disproportionate length of these chapters, which make up more than one-third of the entire work. This he attributes to the fact that the author has striven to combine two procedures, the analytical and the episodic. It unquestionably enlivens a matter-of-fact dissection of administrative forms and social organization to include vignettes of the individuals concerned, but the inclusion of too many episodes and anecdotes, which in themselves are trivial and irrelevant, tends to defeat the purpose for which they are employed.

The use to which Professor McClellan puts them in the second and longer part of his work is much more legitimate, for there he abandons analysis and begins his exciting narrative of the last years of the oligarchic republic. In these pages he is at his best and his work is most valuable and original. Without resorting to artifices of literary embellishment he utilizes the inherently romantic nature of the material to do full justice to the amazing intrigues of responsible officials and their unofficial agents, to the bitter clash of personal jealousies, to the scandalous incompetence of the government, and the unbelievable ineptitude of its policy towards the hard-headed, pragmatic young Bonaparte, who then commanded the Army of Italy. Though sympathetic to the Venetian cause the author takes great pains to explain, if not justify, Bonaparte's attitude towards the Venetian government. He makes it clear that the invader, while determined for reasons of military policy to control Venice, was perfectly willing to ally himself with the republic. But after the final rejection of his offers, he had no choice but to consider Venice as an actual if not a formal enemy. For the first time the author clears up the mystery of the revolutionary uprisings in the Venetian mainland and the famous Easter massacres at Verona, in both instances absolving Bonaparte completely from responsibility. The chapters on the fall of the oligarchy and the short-lived provisional and democratic government are among the best in the entire study and should serve as excellent correctives of the many errors which find their way into general accounts.



BUST OF NAPOLEON IN PORCELAIN.

Thus the author's thorough use of the archives gives his work a freshness of tone and an independence of judgment which stand in flattering contrast to the usual hackneyed accounts. However, by digging deeply into the mine of Venetian records, he ran the risk, from which he did not entirely escape, of cutting himself off from air and light from French and European sources. When he states that Bonaparte out-bullied, out-bluffed, and out-witted the Austrian plenipotentiaries at Campo Formio in 1797, he completely ignores the relationship of the Venetian problem to the foreign policy of the French government as well as to Bonaparte's ultimate plans for Italy. Bonaparte sacrificed Venice to the Austrians, not because his star demanded it, but because he needed peace on the continent in order to embark on his eastern projects. But to get the peace that he required as well as to satisfy the insistence of his government upon the Rhine frontier, he was obliged to sacrifice the Venetian mainland (though not the islands) to Austria in compensation for her loss of Lombardy and most of her territory on the left bank of the Rhine. Perhaps he out-bullied the Austrians, but he neither outwitted them nor got the better of the diplomatic bargaining.

Sweden's Great King

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS: The Lion of the North. By LT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by OSCAR J. FALNES

THE list of studies on Gustavus Adolphus has grown a bit more rapidly of late, no doubt in part because we are passing through the anniversary years that commemorate his resounding exploits of just three centuries ago. The interest in him at all times naturally has been keener among Swedish and German writers, and detailed attention has now been given to every aspect of his career and reign. Some have dwelt on his personality or on his solicitude for the welfare of Sweden, while others have portrayed his skill as a diplomatist, his talent as tactician and military organizer, or his role as the hero of Protestantism.

A goodly portion of MacMunn's book has to do with Imperial politics and the King's German campaigning in the two crowded years from 1630 to 1632, an emphasis that is natural enough for one versed in the profession of arms. What is best in the book must be sought in its treatment of military affairs. It does not compare in completeness or in technical detail with the study made of the Great Captain by Dodge, but it is more successful as military history in popularized form. One thing that it might well have included is a brief estimate of the extent to which the military improvements of Gustavus later served the purposes of Cromwell or of Louis XIV's victorious commanders.

But the book does not deal only with the battles and the politics of the day. There are sketches of the King's personality, for instance, and the author, whose sympathies are Nordic and Protestant (though not obtrusively so), has only praise and admiration for his hero though it must be said that his eulogies have been kept within limits.

General MacMunn devotes considerable space to the portrayal of historical backgrounds and his results are not always fortunate. In setting the political stage for the Germanies of the seventeenth century it is not necessary to deal so fully with events in the Roman Empire of antiquity, with Charlemagne and the Saxon emperors, or with the course of events in the Protestant Reformation. More serious than this lack of good proportion is the presence of misstatement. The paragraphs surveying Muscovy's pre-Romanoff history fairly bristle with errors of fact. Nor is it correct to imply that Sweden in the fifteenth century during the administration of the Sture family was "largely Lutheran."

In some of the details of its preparation the book shows a trace of carelessness. Phrases too often lack precision and at times there is outright misuse, as in the statement that Gustavus sought possession of the Baltic "literals." Occasional slips in proofreading are much less aggravating than a disturbing lack of consistency in spelling proper names. The commander, Holk, is referred to also as Holke, Wittenberg a page earlier is "Wittenburg," Dunkirk may also be "Dunquerque," and Franconia on one occasion is "Francona." The wavering spellings are really distressing in the case of the river Main, and of the district, Mainz. The river is usually, but not always, written "Maine," and Mainz on one occasion is spoken of as the Electoral Bishopric of "Main."

The study rests on sources that are neither representative nor up to date. The short bibliography is confined to a few eighteenth and nineteenth century accounts in English and French, and lists no title published later than 1892. Several full page illustrations and a few clarifying map sketches give added interest to the volume. There is no index.

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Prosody In Blue

THE centenary two years ago of the birth of Emily Dickinson was signallized, among other events, by the publication of three Dickinson bibliographies—one in May, compiled by Alfred Leete Hampson and issued by the Hampshire Bookshop of Northampton, the second in November, issued by the Jones Library of Amherst, and the third in December, compiled by William H. McCarthy, Jr., and printed at the Bibliographical Press in the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale. The first two were published in editions of five hundred copies each; the last issued, in an edition of seventy-five copies, was not designed as an inclusive bibliography, but as a catalogue of the Dickinson exhibition conducted at Yale in observance of the centenary. All three manuals are essential to the devoted collector and student. The definitive Dickinson bibliography, however, is yet to be written, though it will certainly have to draw heavily on the pioneer studies which are already available. The task could safely be left to the three 1930 compilers in collaboration.

The Housatonic Bookshop of Salisbury, Connecticut, recently unearthed an oddity which, while not of technical first-edition interest to the Dickinson collector, none the less merits a place on his shelves by very reason of its unusual character no less than for its early date. Any mention of Emily before 1895 (or 1900, or 1914) makes the point of mention an item of definite collecting and historical importance. The oddity is "Sun Prints in Sky Tints," an anthology compiled by Irene E. Jerome as a sort of clothesline whereon to hang some most indifferent sketches. Emily Dickinson (spelled "Dickenson") is represented by "The Sleeping Flowers" (page 15), which had first appeared in *St. Nicholas* for June, 1891, and was included in "Poems: Second Series" later in the same year. A description and collation follows:

> SUN PRINTS IN SKY TINTS/Original Designs with Appropriate Selections/by/Irene E. Jerome/Boston/Lee and Shepard, Publishers/10 Milk Street/1893.
>
> *Collation:* Pp. 80, consisting of p. [1], decorative hand-lettered title, verso blank; p. [3], printed title as above, with copyright notice (dated 1892), acknowledgments and imprint on verso; p. [5], dedication, verso blank; p. [7], illustrator's note, verso blank; pp. 9-79, text; p. [80], blank; text and decorations on right-hand pages only. Bound in gray figured cloth, slate blue back, with blue flowers and hand-lettered title on front cover: "Sun Prints/in Sky Tints" (in box), "By/Irene E. Jerome." Shelfback lettered in gold: "Sun / Prints / in / Sky / Tints / Irene E/Jerome/Lee and Shepard." All edges gilt. Size of leaf, 10 x 7⅛ inches.

Text and sketches alike are printed throughout in blue, and the reason therefore is duly assigned in the illustrator's note: "While the title of this illustrated volume is, technically speaking, incorrect, yet during a recent summer spent among our northern lakes, the artist and many friends at a distance found so much delight in the BLUE PRINT so easily produced by the photographer, that she has endeavored in her sketches to give an impression or suggestion of the same, as nearly as possible, by the printer's art."

Emily moves in strange company in this cerulean anthology. Her fellows are C. F. Briggs, Bessie Chandler, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Kate Hillard, E. C. Messer, Hiram Rich, John W. Chadwick, Mary Bradley, Helen Hunt Jackson, Constance Fenimore Woolson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Danske Dandridge, Helen Gray Cone, J. T. Trowbridge, H. G. Knowlton, Richard Jefferies, William C. Bennett, Joaquin Miller, Lucy Larcom, Julie M. Lippman, Andrew Lang, M. F. Butts, Susan Hartley Swett, W. C. Gannett, Richard E. Burton, Björnstjerne Björnson, T. W. Higginson, E. R. Sill, William H. Hayne, and Celia Thaxter.

J. T. W.

SOME weeks since, this department listed certain titles which first appeared in print in a language other than that in which they were originally written. Such disparate personalities as Herodotus, Benjamin Franklin, and Havelock Ellis were included among the entries. Contributing further to the disparity, Louis Henry Cohn of House of Books, Ltd., offers the name of Ernest Hemingway, whose short story "The Undefeated" first saw the light in German, appearing as "Stierkampf" in *Der Querschnitt* (Berlin) during the summer of 1925. Its first publication in English was in the autumn-winter (1925-26) number of *This Quarter*. It next appeared, in French, as "L'Invincible" in *Le Navire d'Argent* for March 1, 1926, and finally in America, for the first time in a book, at the end of the same year in "The Best Short Stories of 1926." It was collected in "Men without Women" (New York, 1927).

But Germany was not yet done with "The Undefeated." When "Men without Women" was translated entire into German (as "Männer," Berlin, 1929), "The Undefeated," now rendered more literally as "Der Unbesiegte," was carried over with it, the work of another translator. A comparison of the two translations should provide an entertaining evening for anyone who wants to brush up on his German.

And were not several of Sir Francis Bacon's philosophical works first written in English and then translated by the author into Latin for publication, or the other way about? Exact data from thoroughgoing Baconians will be welcome.

J. T. W.

Aere Perennius

ACQUISITION by the New York Public Library of the Tikytt Psalter, which brought the highest price—$61,000—at the recent sale of selections from the library of the Marquess of Lothian at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, emphasizes anew the inevitable operation of that rider to the law of gravitation whereby every important example of literary or artistic property is destined one day to inclusion in an institutional collection. The worth of a public or semi-public library (assuming as a premise that its contents make it worthy to be called a library) is in pretty direct ratio to its accessibility, and it is eminently fitting that the handiwork of John Tikytt should find a haven at one of the busiest corners in the world, where today's and tomorrow's passing millions can pause to pay it the tribute of reverent inspection. In its new house of refuge the Tikytt Psalter will be suitably displayed and tended during whatever approximation to eternity awaits it. It is as durably fabricated as the library building itself, and already has an advantage in seasoning of some six hundred years over the roof that will shelter it.

Not every collector can aspire to the *ad interim* custodianship of a Tikytt Psalter, but even though he rotates in a more restricted orbit, he can still apply the institutional test to his collecting activities. "Will this book," he can ask himself, "one day be worthy of inclusion in a public collection, appealing to however numerous, however restricted a group of the curious or the studious, the idle or the earnest, the casual vagrant along the fringes of understanding or the single-purposed seeker after knowledge?" The collector who conducts such an examination need not regard the transient occupants of his shelves as museum pieces in embryo, or put himself in the place of a curator who will not be born for two or three centuries. Above all, he must not, for his own peace of mind, attempt to translate his conclusions into dollars and cents, for that way lies perhaps not madness, but at least a woefully faulty and inaccurate gauge for the evaluation of his property.

For a book in a public collection has no dollars and cents value at all. It has been removed permanently from the market, and in the transfer it has surrendered all its potentiality for being measured by the market's standards. Examine carefully any noteworthy specialized institutional collection. Of perhaps a thousand units, all but ten may be commercially unimportant items that can be had in some second-hand bookshop at a few cents apiece—and the eclectic ten may be items whose similars reach the auction room once in a decade, there to change hands to the blare of trumpets. Yet many of the nine hundred and ninety may be as essential to the importance and unity of the collection as its veriest prima donna.

Nor are the apparent trivia so easy to come by as they seem. Think of some out-of-print book (out of print for five years or fifty, or, for some examples, out of print yesterday), write a dozen second-hand shops for a copy, and see how many can supply it.

J. T. W.

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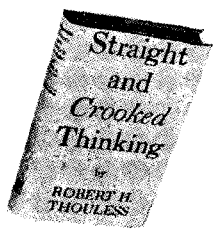

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The PHŒNIX NEST

TAKING a look through the new Spring catalogues, we recently jotted down a number of notes on items that seemed to us of special interest. Coward-McCann are bringing out a second volume of "Men and Memories," by *Sir William Rothenstein*, which can safely be recommended as a treasurable volume. They also have *Michael Gold's* story of the remarkable *John Reed*, which will probably arouse controversy. Horace Liveright, now Liveright, Inc., publishes a new *Dreiser* novel next month, "The Stoic"—and no jokes, please, on the title! Scribner has, of course, *Clarence Darrow's* story of his life, already out, and the autobiography of *Sir Oliver Lodge*, while two books by younger Americans of particular note from that firm will be "Devil Take the Hindmost: A Year of the Slump," by *Edmund Wilson*, "vivid, caustic sketches" of the America of the Depression, and *Chard Powers Smith's* "Pattern and Variation in Poetry," which should be valuable to all beginning poets. Also on Scribner's list is the first novel of a brilliant young woman, *Nancy Hale*, in private life Mrs. Taylor Hardin. She is only twenty-two years old, the daughter of *Philip Hale*, the painter and critic, and the grand-daughter of *Edward Everett Hale*. Her novel is called "The Young Die Good." A second novel, on the list of Longmans, Green & Co., is *Irving Fineman's* "Lovers Must Learn." Mr. Fineman won with his first novel, "This Pure Young Man," the $7,500 prize in the Longmans first-novel contest. His new novel has modern Paris for a background. He is a native New Yorker, and during the late war his special training in naval architecture and construction led to a commission in the Navy and five years of service as lieutenant during and after the war. Then he was occupied with civil engineering and with teaching at the University of Illinois. He is now devoting himself entirely to writing. . . .

Putnam's having sold over 750,000 copies of *Dr. Marie C. Stopes's* "Married Love," ought to do pretty well with her new book, "Enduring Passion," a continuation and elaboration of the former. *G. K. Chesterton's* poetry has formerly been available only in seven separate books, but Dodd, Mead & Company now for the first time issue it all in one volume. We ourself are almighty fond of Chesterton's verse and even at three dollars this book would seem to us a most economical buy. On Covici-Friede's list is "The Biological Tragedy of Woman," which ought to cause discussion inasmuch as the publishers say of it, "a book with which most American women intellectuals will probably disagree, in that it frankly declares that the mental processes are directly conditioned by the biology of the female organism. Nevertheless it will be widely read, for its courageous effort to mitigate the evils of inadequate knowledge and misunderstanding." It is translated from the Russian of *Anton Nemilov* by ***Stephanie Ofental.*** . . .

The four books, all out, which Doubleday, Doran are making the most play with at the present time are *William McFee's* "The Harbour-Master," our own *Christopher Morley's* "Swiss Family Manhattan," *Aldous Huxley's* "Brave New World," and *Booth Tarkington's* "Mary's Neck." We've read three of them—all that is but McFee's novel which we understand is very good. We enjoyed all of the others. Doubleday also have novels by certain authors whose first books gave great promise. The new one by *J. Keith Winter*, who wrote "Other Man's Saucer," is "The Rats of Norway," treating of masters in a boy's prep school; the new one by *Helen Ashton*, whose "Dr. Serocold" took England by storm, is called "Bricks and Mortar," the vivid portrait of a man's life. *Graham Greene*, whose "The Man Within" was so remarkable, now goes to Carlist Spain for the action of his "Rumour at Nightfall." Then on Little, Brown's list is a new book by *A. J. Cronin*, whose "Hatter's Castle" was recently such a great success. It's called "Three Loves." The publishers say that the theme of this novel is more universal and less grim than the former. One of Jonathan Cape's books that we feel we are going to relish, because we have always been fascinated by the subject, is *Eric Linklater's* "Ben Jonson and King James: A Biography and Portrait," even though we must say we didn't much take to this author's former "Juan in America." On the Century list is "I Believe," by *Heywood Broun*, scheduled for the end of May. It gives you all the many sides of Heywood. And the same firm is issuing "The Complete Poetical Works of *Francis Thompson*, "edited with Biographical and Textual Notes by *Rev. Terrence L. Connolly, S.J.*" That will be out late in April. But we always thought that Scribner was the late Francis Thompson's authorized publisher in America? We possess the edition of Francis Thompson they published some years ago and had always thought it was the complete works. As we remember it, there were two volumes, one of poetry and one of prose. . . .

The contest committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy announces a $250 prize given by the late *Miss Mary Lou Gordon White* of Nashville in memory of her brother, *Dr. Gordon White*, for the best story of real literary merit founded on the life of early colonists in one of the Southern States, to bring out in fictional form the contribution made by this section of the South to the making of American history. Half of the prize is to be paid the writer when the judges have made their decision, and the other half on the appearance of the story in a well-known magazine. The story must not exceed 6,000 words in length and manuscripts must be submitted to *Mrs. John H. Anderson*, 707 West Morgan Street, Raleigh, N. C., to whom one should also write for further rules of the contest. . . .

We wish to thank the librarian, *Charles R. Green*, of the Jones Library at Amherst, which we visited last spring in the company of *Genevieve Taggard*, to see the *Emily Dickinson* collection, for his kind card upon our birthday. . . .

The Macmillan Company has reissued the late *Vachel Lindsay's* "Litany of Washington Street," inasmuch as Mr. Lindsay was particularly anxious that this book be used in connection with the George Washington Bi-Centennial Celebration. It is being brought out at a third of its original price and certainly is worth getting as a Washington's Birthday book. . . .

Random House and the Nonesuch Press in London have collaborated on a swanky new cook book called "Lovely Food," which recently made its appearance at two dollars a copy. The author is *Ruth Lowinsky*, who declares, "What is chic today is boarding-house tomorrow." . . .

Padraic Colum is back in this country, though his wife, *Mary M. Colum*, who returned with him, must sail again for Paris to pursue further research with respect to the work she has in progress. Padraic walked into the Macmillan office the day after landing from six months abroad and walked out with an advance copy of the new edition of "A Treasury of Irish Poetry," which he said was just the book he wanted in connection with his lectures on "The Renaissance of Irish Letters" at the Winter Institute of Literature at the University of Miami. He is discussing such contemporary poets as *Joseph Campbell*, *James Joyce*, and *James Stephens*. . . .

Among the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle to Joseph Neuberg which have been edited by Townsend Scudder is one which reads: "All the rest I have to say must *wait* until I can *'imagine'* myself again with you on the garden-seat at Rowsley—isolated from all the noisy disturbances of the world, smoking cigaritos and *dreaming* beautifully without having gone to sleep." . . .

First prize of $1,000 has been awarded to Frances Woodward Prentice, of Philadelphia, in the narrative contest sponsored by *Scribner's Magazine* which brought over 4,300 manuscripts from American writers. Mrs. Prentice's narrative "Oklahoma Race Riot" was the unanimous choice of the judges.

Second prize of $500 went to Mary Hesse Hartwick, Seeley Lake, Montana, for "Hills of Home," a narrative of homesteading in the west. A special prize of $50 was awarded to Sister Mary Francis, Santa Rosa School, Pecos, Texas, for "Nun's Diary." Honorable mention was given Meridel LeSueur, St. Paul, Minn., for "Corn Village," a narrative of Kansas.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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